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PRUSSIA.

THE long contest between the King of PRUSSIA and the representatives of the people has been brought, if not to a close, at any rate to the conclusion of one great stage. The Chamber would not yield, and insisted on their constitutional right to vote away the people's money, if it was voted away at all. The KING was resolved that they should vote whatever money he might think necessary. The Commons had this advantage—that they could drive him, if he persisted, to violate the Constitution; and even in despotic Germany a Sovereign hesitates a little before he commits himself to the wide ocean of illegality. There is no saying where he will be carried when he has once ceased to anchor by the law; and the King of PRUSSIA is not the man to feel easy while drifting out into the tempestuous sea of open wrong-doing and violence. However, his reactionary advisers have for the moment carried him with them, and the Commons have been sent away with an intimation that the Constitution will be violated, and the money spent as if the Government Budget had been carried. At present no actual wrong has been done; but the moment that taxes are collected without the sanction of the Commons, the real struggle will begin. The Prussians will then know what a constitutional contest really is, and will show whether they have any firm resolution to be free or not. It is necessary that all liberty should pass through a baptism of fire, and the liberty of Prussia will have to pass through that of resistance to the illegal demands of the tax-gatherer. This will be no slight trial to Germans. To submit to family discomfort, to have business stopped, to bear the harassing delays of the law, to stand day after day on the defensive without the support of popular applause or the excitement of common action, is not a little thing to a man born under a bureaucracy, and trained from his cradle to dread the police. If the country resists, the Ministers will have to use means more and more violent to overcome this resistance. They will have to do away with the liberty of the press; they will call into activity those legions of spies which seem to rise out of the earth on the stamp of the foot of a Continental king; they will, perhaps, do as the Austrians do in Hungary, and collect taxes at the point of the sword. All this the constitution-loving Prussians may have to stand, if the KING does not come to his senses in time. Their consolation must be that, if they do stand it, they are sure to succeed in the long run. No king of modern days could long treat subjects who had never rebelled against him as if they were conquered enemies, in plain open defiance of a Constitution to which he has sworn. A military empire may be set up as in France, by the juggle of universal suffrage, and a new Constitution with appropriate machinery devised; but a king cannot at once live in a Constitution like that of Prussia, and out of it. The indignation of Europe would compel him to yield. Passive resistance in Prussia must be victorious; and the Prussians, if they exercise it successfully, will thenceforth have a confidence in themselves, and a reputation for love of liberty to perpetuate, which will send them forward at a rate of progress hitherto unknown in Germany.

But the KING may be expected to yield long before anything so serious as the passive resistance of a whole nation brings him to reason. This reactionary *coup d'état* places Prussia in a position before Germany and Europe so absurd, that all that is distinctive in the policy of Prussia comes to an end unless the step is retrieved. Prussia has lately interfered in Hesse, not by words or diplomatic messages, but by the threat of the immediate employment of military force, and the ground of this interference was that the Elector would not abide by the Hessian Constitution. The Elector must enjoy the news of the last few days. When he yielded to the pressure of his powerful neighbour, he prophesied to the KING that he too would soon have to do in Prussia

just what had been done in Hesse. The prophecy has come true, and the KING has descended to the standard of the ELECTOR. If Prussia does not wish to introduce and protect Constitutions, she cannot be said to wish anything. She has been wearying Europe for the last year or two with her grievances about the Constitution of Holstein and the Constitution of Schleswig. They were not, she contended, the real genuine articles, and she, in her purity and pride, could not tolerate any counterfeit Constitution near her. She can hardly trouble Denmark any more with protests and complaints of this sort. It can be no object to Holstein to have one Constitution rather than another under the protection of Prussia, if it is the doctrine of Prussia that the KING may ignore any Constitution he pleases. The very point in dispute between Holstein and Germany on the one hand, and Denmark on the other, has been the Budget. What can be the use of quarrelling about this, if the King of DENMARK may set aside the Constitution when he likes, and when Holstein does not vote as much as he thinks proper. The increased army on which the King of PRUSSIA wishes to spend the money his people will not give him, is supposed to be mainly designed to uphold the position of Prussia in Germany. Prussia wishes to lead Northern Germany, and to oppose an influence to that of Austria which shall make the North at least the equal of the South. But the leadership of Prussia can only be obtained by Prussia being the support of free government in the different States. There can be no reason why the inhabitants of Hanover or Mecklenburg should wish to pass under the direct or indirect government of a Monarch who asks for taxes, and, when they are refused, takes them. Austria can only be held in check in Germany by a more liberal set of political principles being opposed to those in favour at Vienna. If South and North are to be despotic, the general funkeyism of mankind is strong enough in Germany to ensure that the greater part of the admiration and respect which despotism excites will be reserved for Vienna, where there is something like a real Cæsar, and not for Berlin, with its bewildered, half-pay Captain of a King.

The Germans have now, we may hope, an opportunity of showing what they can do, and how much they can dare. The contempt with which their goings-on are treated in England is in part deserved, and is in part unfair. They are in a pitiable state, with an aristocracy that is for the most part a mere affair of titles and quarterings, and their inquisitorial police, and their thirty-odd little princes. They do not go on very fast, or make any great sensation in the political world. They do not raise up any eminent statesmen. No German ever writes a political paper, or makes a political speech, which interests, or instructs, or controls Europe. In England, and France, and Italy, and even in Spain, when Ministers and Sovereigns speak on great occasions, Europe listens as to something which concerns it at large, and not the one country only where the words are uttered. But Germans, and their ways, and their politics, are purely German. Still the Germans are now trying hard to get on a little, and a free country like England may find something better to do than laugh at their efforts. There was lately a gathering at Weimar, where many men were present who are anxious that the national stagnation should yield to the impulse of new ideas. They could not do anything actively, they could not control reactionary Sovereigns by force, they could not vote that ten little States should be formed into a single big one. But what they could do they did. They spoke openly of the needs most pressing on the nation; they encouraged each other to mould the political opinion of their several localities; they paid a testimony of gratitude to the firmness and love of constitutional liberty displayed by the Prussian Chamber. It is easy to say that they were only a group of theorists, met to speak everlasting speeches, and write everlasting essays, without any bearing on

practical politics. They could not do more than help to form public opinion in Germany, but then they did this; and this sort of political speculation is, as experience has proved, the necessary precursor of great political movements. The Prussian deputies have no well-known names to attract us. Their outpourings of constitutional disquisitions are rather wearying. But they have done what they could do. They have vindicated public liberty in a dignified and consistent manner. They have stuck together, in spite of the bullying and cajolery of the Court. They have never descended into the petty insolence of unwashed democracy. They have shown that they respected the KING, and the country, and themselves. They have also taken the utmost pains to be right on all Constitutional questions, and their researches into the niceties of the English system have been conducted with the minuteness and simple-hearted devotion characteristic of their race. Englishmen could not have taught them to do better, nor could they have behaved in more exact accordance with their great Charter even if each of them had had HALLAM in his hand, and Lord RUSSELL at his elbow. They acknowledge themselves our disciples, and we ought to allow that they have learnt their lesson very well.

WORKING OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

WHEN it was asserted, at the beginning of the American war, that Republican institutions had failed, cool observers deprecated an unjust and hasty judgment. Neither rebellion nor civil war can furnish conclusive arguments against a system with which they have no peculiar or exclusive connexion. No form of government has provided a perfect security against internal dissension, and it would be absurd to say that limited monarchy broke down when the American colonies rebelled against England. Many other Republican States and Federations have existed in the world, with various fortunes; and even if the American Union had been the only possible type of a Republic, the experience of the past year has shown that the North has not been enervated by democracy. Vast armies have been sent into the field at an almost incredible expense, and if the generals in command have been incapable, there is no reason to suppose that they were not the best officers whom the country could produce. The anticipation that the multitude would interfere with the discretion of the Government has been altogether falsified. A President, selected at random from the obscurest ranks of the dominant faction, has been allowed to dispose of the public resources as absolutely as if he had been a hereditary autocrat or a conquering usurper. A million of men and three hundred millions of money have been placed in Mr. LINCOLN's hands to deal with at pleasure, and if the Federal troops have been defeated and wasted away, their failure can be but indirectly ascribed to the institutions of their country. A democratic Republic, whatever may be its graver defects, is qualified for sudden and violent efforts, by the superficial unanimity which its institutions tend to produce. The opinion of the masses, though it may oscillate from one side to the other, sways over all at once. On the eve of the war it was almost universally thought that Secession, however unjustifiable, could not be justifiably prevented by force. As soon as the struggle actually began, no visible minority any longer protested against the extremest measures of repression and conquest. The disruption might have taken place under a monarchy, and NAPOLEON or NICHOLAS would have been satisfied with the freedom of action which was conceded to the Executive Government.

It is in another sense, and under the pressure of an opposite danger, that American Republicanism has broken down. The system has proved not unfavourable to the display of vigour, but in a time of trial it is found that, under a levelling rule, the instinct of liberty is lost. The people of the United States have hitherto retained their freedom, because it has never been exposed to menace or trial. They were supposed to prove, by a solitary and crucial instance, that under peculiar circumstances democratic equality might be reconciled with freedom. The advocates of modern republican doctrines not unnaturally set off America against France; while more sceptical students of history took refuge in a vague impression that liberty was connected less with political forms than with the English blood and language. It now appears that both suppositions were unfounded, and that in the West, as well as in the Old World, self-government requires a fulcrum in an independent class which can maintain itself against the tyranny of the multitude. The Northern Americans were supposed to be subtle and astute in the

construction of their written Constitution; but on the first approach of the difficulties against which it provided, they fold up the obsolete document, and acquiesce, with the submissiveness of Frenchmen, in the reign of arbitrary force. The founders of the Republic thought that they had provided against the exercise of dictatorial power, but their timid successors have not even waited to appoint a dictator. Mr. LINCOLN proclaims martial law, and his subjects go quietly to prison. He confiscates property, he supersedes the sovereignty of the States, and he assumes more than the functions of Congress; and orators and journalists, confessing that he exceeds his constitutional powers, nevertheless applaud his usurpation, and boast that the Government is at last in earnest. The feebleness and atrocity of the recent proclamations may, in other respects, have excited some criticism; but not a voice has been raised to denounce the wild and ignorant rashness of a President who all but abolishes the Constitution. If Americans ever read any history but their own semi-fabulous annals, they must be puzzled with HAMPDEN's resistance to the payment of ship money, and with the deposition of JAMES II. when he had assumed a dispensing power. Mobs and their satellites are incapable of understanding that, when a public functionary performs an important act, the question of its legal validity precedes the discussion of its expediency. It is not because the Proclamation about the Slaves is unprecedentedly foolish and wicked, but because Mr. LINCOLN has no right to legislate about slaves, that he ought at once to be impeached.

The minor absurdities and internal contradictions of his policy have been fully and pointedly exposed. It is justly remarked that he proposes to abolish slavery in a foreign Republic while he confirms and establishes it in his own. Compulsory servitude is so sacred an institution that it is to be the exclusive privilege of the loyal States, while those who are called rebels are declared unworthy to enjoy it. It is also true that consistent Abolitionists ought, to the utmost of their power, to aid the resistance of the South, until the appointed term of their submission has passed. If they could reclaim Virginia and Tennessee to the Union before the 1st of January, they would be responsible for the continuance of slavery within those States. The Democrats, on the other hand, are not likely to be more energetic in the prosecution of the war, when all their theories and principles are rudely disregarded. Mr. SEWARD, in his wonderful circular despatch, announces that a social change is about to be accomplished as a military measure. It might be answered, that social changes are not legitimate methods of conducting war; but as nothing is likely to be changed, and as the proclamation diminishes the chance of military success, it is almost unnecessary to show that a practical blunder is at the same time a political and constitutional solecism. Some of the apologists of the infamous proclamation ask why slaves should not be confiscated in war, like any other private property. It was reserved for the Americans to announce that, in modern warfare, private property on land as well as at sea is absolutely at the disposal of a hostile belligerent; but even if the ancient practice of indiscriminate plunder is to be revived, no civilized Government has hitherto confiscated by anticipation, not a specific class of chattels, but a future capacity to hold a certain kind of property. It is no excuse for an arbitrary violation of all principles of law, that the vicious institution of slavery may be incidentally damaged by its operation.

The immediate mischief to be apprehended is probably confined to the seaport towns, which are at present occupied by Northern troops. At New Orleans, General BUTLER has disarmed the white population, and he is about to arm the blacks. It is not surprising that there should consequently be a dread of servile revolt and massacre, nor is it possible to foresee the course which the petty local despot would take if the negroes attempted an insurrection. The cordial and unanimous admiration of the North appears to have stimulated almost to madness the vulgar ruffianism of General BUTLER's nature. He has actually required the enemies of the United States to register themselves at a public office, for the greater facility of oppressing and persecuting them. If he were to organize a negro massacre of the whites, the New York papers would defend his conduct, and possibly his comic exaggeration of the worst vices of the community which he represents may be rewarded by a future nomination to the Presidency. In such a condition of affairs, it is intelligible that the United States and their Government should not receive universal approbation. A Republican writer is reduced to the modest boast that the only

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enemies of the Union are the Indian savages in the West, the unnatural rebels of the South, the Democrat malcontents and traitors within the Federal community, and the so-called despots of Europe. The public opinion of the Indian tribes is not perhaps conclusive; but the remaining censors of Federal proceedings would seem, on a first impression, to be entitled to a hearing. To be detested by a great community of former fellow-citizens, to be distrusted by a powerful party at home, and to be unanimously condemned by the civilized world, might be thought an unenviable condition. Even if the Union has no other enemies, it is not easy to see where its friends are to be found. The negroes of the South, if they understood Mr. LINCOLN's policy, would scarcely form an exception to the general opinion which the patriotic writer attributes to the rest of mankind. The PRESIDENT proposes to make the Confederate States into a second San Domingo; but as the whites in the South outnumber the blacks, he is only preparing for his clients the ruin and misery with which he idly threatens his adversaries. If the Federal Government escapes some disastrous catastrophe, wisdom, honesty, and common sense have ceased to be indispensable conditions in the successful conduct of affairs.

PASTOR BONUS.

IF we might be permitted to describe in appropriate language CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Pastoral, addressed on Sunday last to his dear children, we should say that it was what the ladies call a sweet pretty letter. It is so very rich and unctuous in language, so greasy and slobbering in thought and diction, such a feast of luscious things compounded of the lollipop and goody, that it very nearly turns a man's stomach. Perhaps it is of the nature of these ecclesiastical writings, which survive as the sole relic of the style of the Lower Empire, that they suggest how a Narses would have written. There is a semivirous and emasculate squeaking treble in the whole composition. There is no manly ring—no plain, bold, decided exhortation—no clear, strong enunciation of duty—but a coaxing, wheedling, purring, and fondling tone, which is only not simply disgusting because here and there the manly tones of Scripture are struck. Of course, we are not such judges as the CARDINAL is likely to be what suits his dear "Children of St. Patrick;" but we should much doubt whether an English cabman or costermonger would feel complimented by being addressed in language fit, if for anybody endowed with a rational soul, scarcely for a puling girl just in her teens. To judge only by the sort of language addressed to them, one would imagine the London Irish to be some soft, flaccid, placid, mild-eyed Tahitian people, full only of gentle thoughts, and susceptible only of mild, affectionate intercourses. That picture with which the poetical CARDINAL winds up his Sunday homily, of the timid daughters of Erin clinging to their husbands and brothers, pleading in the name of all the charities and loves, and substituting the image of Immaculate Mary for the bludgeon and shillelagh, almost reminds one of a Guido-subject—HELEN dissuading PARIS from the combat. This is the mild Rapparee after the ideal of York Place—we should hardly recognise him in the fierce savage of Baldwin's Gardens or Field Lane. If the demon of Irish discord can be soothed by these honey cakes, the Roman Catholic clergy have been much to blame for not scattering such very cheap oil on the waves of many an old and bloody sedition and rebellion.

It is, of course, ungracious to criticize the manner of doing a right thing, but one really is tempted to say that, anyhow, the CARDINAL had the wit to see that political capital might be made out of his paternal admonition to his lamb-like flock. The document was not written till Friday, and was not communicated to the clergy till Saturday; and on Friday last it was pretty generally known that effectual steps would be taken for preserving the peace, at least on Sunday. If there was no riot, then the man conspicuous for gravity and piety had, as in the Virgilian case, interposed in the crowd when sedition, stones, and torches were flying, and all before his venerable presence was at once abashed, silent, and subdued. The grave and pious man scores this happy result up, not unreasonably, to his gravity and piety. Even if the riot had come off, the CARDINAL would not have been wanting in his pious duty. All that religion and charity could do had been done—this was, at any rate, a Christian pastor's duty. York Place had stolen a march on St. James' Square; what Dr. WISEMAN did Dr. TAIT might have done. If Dr. TAIT had done the same thing, and had issued his paternal counsel to all his erring children, the Garibaldian rioters—who are just as much his concern as the Pope-for-Ever gentlemen are Dr. WISEMAN's—Dr. TAIT would probably have been laughed at. But here

is the difference between the good Bishop who gives, if not his life for his sheep, yet soft, unctuous talk, mint sauce and plenty of sugar to his lambs, and the mere Protestant superintendent who lives at Fulham. And this difference between the true Bishop and the sham one it would be useful to show up. Either way the CARDINAL would win the stakes. Far be it from us to say that such a sordid motive as to show how great a man he was, and to bring himself and his office before the world, was present when these fat words distilled from the sacred pen. However, let us be thankful. It is a pleasant page in history to find Cardinals browsing knee-deep in these meadows of spiritual clover, abounding with all graces, and overflowing with lessons of love and charity, long-suffering, meekness, and forgiveness of injuries. ALVA, we dare say, had just such a lesson from the Pope of the period. Spain's sweet messengers of such a gospel of love preached, only it has not been preserved, another such a sermon of brotherly kindness to Inquisitors and Kings. Archbishop HUGHES in New York, the recruiting sergeant for the North, we dare say, has written just such a pastoral to his portion of the children of St. Patrick, only the faithless telegraph has failed to forward it to Europe. JACOB's voice and ESAU's rough hands, the accents of peace and the larum of the drum ecclesiastic, have perhaps been confounded by the historian; but though the homilies are lost, the same honeyed accents as these have always dropped from the lips of the successors of St. Peter. Rome's voice—the history of Christendom attests it—has never been heard except in allaying feuds, appeasing seditions, dispersing the clouds of war, reconciling enemies, forgiving foes. The Vatican never preached rebellion against a heretic king. There was no thanksgiving for St. Bartholomew's day in Paris. MARIANA never preached regicide. Even at this very moment, the Calabrian and Neapolitan bandits are sent every Sunday to mass, by appeals just like Cardinal WISEMAN's. Cynics who find fault with everything will, of course, say that Rome is the Rome of old—accommodates itself to circumstances—bullyes, persecutes, and raves, when bullying and the sword answer; whines when subserviency is the winning card—in a word, that Spain can produce a TORQUEMADA or a WISEMAN, and that both, in different ways, suit the same unchanged and unchangeable policy.

Not that the *Mayonnaise à la Wiseman* is all chicken's flesh and oil. There is just a slight and genial suspicion of vinegar in the artistic composition—acetic acid perhaps, if not almost sulphuric acid. There is a grain of blistering stimulant in the mollifying confection. A single Spanish fly makes the ointment of the apothecary to stink, and to burn too. The Irish are reminded of the wrongs of centuries. The old days of persecution and tyranny are recalled. Nay, even now, at the very moment when the rioters are counselled to the pious duty of love, they are reminded that they have evils and wrongs to forgive. They have been insulted, they have been provoked, they have been cruelly taunted; their religion has been attacked; they are not the aggressors. Nobody had a right to mention the name of GARIBALDI. The bull, to be sure, has flounced his tail, and prodded with his horns, and bellowed, and it was very wrong in the bull, and the CARDINAL hopes the dear, quiet, noble bull will not do it again; but who dangled the red rag before him? The CARDINAL and the Knight of St. JOHN say that the aggression and provocation were all on the other side. We have Dr. WISEMAN's word and Sir GEORGE BOWYER's word for it, that there would have been no Hyde Park riots had it not been for all that sympathy with GARIBALDI. Perhaps this is quite true. The fools who would hold demonstration meetings to sympathize with GARIBALDI are fools, we freely admit. But everybody knows that an English popular idol is very often a very poor piece of clay. TITUS OATES, DR. SACHEVEREL, JOHN WILKES, HENRY HUNT, CAROLINE of BRUNSWICK, KOSUTH, all have had their day; and it was a brief day. Common sense and common consent soon pull down popular idols. It may be very true that the Garibaldians are very silly. But is this just the topic to urge just at this very time? Cardinal WISEMAN, judging from the talk he talks to his dear children, considers them to be a set of foolish boys. Would it be very prudent, at a barring-out, to tell the schoolboys that they really had many and great grievances, that their masters were very tyrannical, that the pudding, after all, was only stick-jaw, that they were hardly done by in being made to learn that nasty Latin grammar, that it was too bad to make them get up at six o'clock—but still, they must be good boys, he was quite sure they would be good boys—how naughty it would be to vex their dear brothers and sisters, so the dear boys must forget and forgive?

We repeat it, all this is very nice and very true—the Christian sentiment is perfect—the exhortation touching, eloquent, affectionate, sweet, delightful—nothing can be more edifying. But then—poor human nature, and Irish nature too!—we know that it is not in the saint, but it is in the natural man, to choose the evil and leave the good; and when there is only one little word which speaks of wrongs unredressed and provocations provokingly offered, to pounce upon it and to treasure it up, and to forget all the peace, and charity, and love, and only to remember the one little suggestion of revenge. If there is but one grain of cayenne, there are some discriminating palates who will find it out. We may trust that the danger of all riot is over, and that we have seen the last of these foolish outbreaks. But if we have not, it may be that we shall recall the fact that the honeyed cup, with all its cloyingness, had just one little suggestion of bitterness in it.

M. PARADOL'S POLITICAL DIALOGUE.

M. PARADOL has displayed his usual delicacy and poignancy of wit in dramatizing the contradictions of French policy in Italy. The disputants who so ingeniously confine themselves to their respective interpretations of Imperial acts and professions are as incapable of coming to a common understanding as two of PLATO's Sophists. One of them proves by demonstration that the occupation of Rome can never be abandoned, while his opponent shows that the further maintenance of the Pope's temporal power would be inconsistent with everything that has occurred in Italy. Both can cite conclusive precedents and explicit declarations; but, as one of the interlocutors remarks, the meanings of words have doubled like house-rents in the last ten years. By a happy accident, the *Moniteur* arrives with the EMPEROR's letter and M. THOUVENEL's despatch, at the moment when the controversy seems to be exhausted. A new supply of arguments is thus equally distributed between the combatants, and the dispute is only terminated when the quiet bystander, after the manner of SOCRATES, passes from the previous topic of discussion to a question which lies behind it. In his simplicity, M. PARADOL wonders that his friends have inquired so earnestly into the intentions of the EMPEROR, without expressing either judgments of their own or interest in the tendency of public opinion. He would himself have thought that all educated Frenchmen would have been deeply concerned in the fate of Italy, especially as far as it depends on the policy of their own country. Only when it is explained that it is useless to consult the community on matters which are exclusively decided by the Government, M. PARADOL changes the conversation by noticing the expectant attitude of a dog which accompanies the party. It is amusing to observe the curiosity of the intelligent animal as he waits to see whether his master will throw a stone to the right or the left, and as he stands prepared for either decision. To the surprise of the peaceable philosopher, his companions imagine that his harmless remark is intended as a sarcasm and a parable. M. DE PERSIGNY, enlightened, perhaps, by the hint, appears to share their suspicions, for he has issued a warning to the journal which published M. PARADOL's innocent anecdote, on the charge that it has promoted hatred and contempt of the Imperial institutions.

The supposed hatred and contempt are excited by the suggestion that France waits on the caprice of her master, unless the offence consists rather in the implied complaint that the master has not yet made up his own mind. If subtle and epigrammatic wit were likely to influence six millions of peasants, the Minister would perhaps have a better excuse than usual for endeavouring to crush a formidable assailant. It is undeniably true that the language and proceedings of the Government justify the most opposite explanations of its designs; nor can it be denied that in France, and in Europe, the decision of all important questions is understood to rest with the EMPEROR. Educated and thoughtful men are not unlikely to despise oracular vacillation; and they are stirred by feelings deeper than contempt when they see an irresponsible ruler endowed with arbitrary power. As the Empire, however, rests either really or ostensibly on universal suffrage, thought and education exercise no influence on public affairs. M. DE PERSIGNY has no reason to fear M. PARADOL's cultivated audience; and his official retort only indicates resentment provoked by the publication of an unwelcome truth.

The dialogue which has excited so much attention only expresses, in a more pointed and amusing form, an interpretation of the Imperial policy which is familiar to English readers. It was lately remarked, in more homely phrase, that

NAPOLEON III. had entered two horses in the race, and that, according to circumstances, he is ready to win upon either. He would prefer that Italy should be a grateful dependent upon France, as he would have desired to establish family dynasties of his own in Tuscany and Naples. When his previous combinations were defeated, he made the best of necessity by recognising the kingdom which had substituted itself for his projected Federation. It is true that, as one of M. PARADOL's interlocutors observes, he sent a fleet to Gaeta; but the reply, that he afterwards withdrew it, is not less undeniably true. His ambassador, says A., was recalled from Turin; and, as B. answers, he returned to his post. In the same manner, it may be anticipated that the Roman garrison will be maintained for an indefinite time, or that, on the occurrence of some unforeseen event, it will be speedily recalled. The diplomatic documents which explain the motives for two opposite results are inconsistent only in the sense in which a "book" on the Derby is inconsistent. Odds against the favourite are set down before and after larger odds against his competitors; but the professional speculator knows how to balance his risks and leave a margin of profit. The gratitude of Italy for the acquisition of independence may, in the future as the past, compensate in a certain degree for the failure to establish a relation between patron and client.

Frenchmen are, perhaps with reason, supposed to be cleverer than Englishmen, and they at least excel them greatly in neatness of political satire. Seeming gravity, transparent simplicity, perfect absence of excitement and exaggeration, are qualities in which M. PARADOL and some of his countrymen set rivalry at defiance. Blunter weapons are used in the conflicts of free men, who have no motive for insinuating what they can express with perfect safety. From JUVENAL to HEINE and BÉRANGER, satirists have flourished best under absolute governments, though SWIFT contrived, even under GEORGE I., to incur apparent risk by his attack on Wood's Halfpence. Allusive sarcasms and witty allegories are methods by which intellect finds an outlet under the repressive weight of despotism. The veiled contempt of the dialogue on Italy would have seemed feeble and out of place if it had been possible to use open invective in the place of ironical approval. M. DE PERSIGNY's warning is a kind of stamp which authenticates the fitness of the quiet satire which it condemns. Irony is the proper language of a helpless minority, which nevertheless feels conscious of its intrinsic claim to influence and power. Universal suffrage can do many things, but it cannot make a joke. The scholars and statesmen of France have a right to smile at the supreme vulgar; and, in course of time, it is not impossible that intellect and station may once more be strong enough to dispense with the weapons of ridicule. In the meantime, French literature of the higher order alone keeps alive the tradition of suspended freedom. M. PARADOL uses the Roman question only as an occasion for protesting against the exclusion of Frenchmen from the conduct of their own affairs. Incidentally, it suits his purpose to expose the indecision and duplicity of the absolute ruler; but his real grievance is, not that power is misused, but that it has been usurped.

Italy has, perhaps, less reason to regret the confiscation of French liberty. NAPOLEON III., notwithstanding his ambition and his tortuous policy, has done much for Italian independence, and he still indirectly serves the same cause by the remonstrances which his hesitation provokes. Although the Liberal journals of France unanimously support the evacuation of Rome, a Republican paper recommends an iniquitous retention of Civita Vecchia, and all the leaders of the old Parliamentary parties perversely take the side of injustice. The pious THIERS, like the devout DISRAELI, deprecates the spoliation of the Holy See, and the Protestant GUIZOT has written a book to prove that religion is bound up with political Popery. M. DE MONTALEMBERT has a better excuse for his adherence to the cherished system which he has persuaded himself to regard as not incompatible with freedom. Ecclesiastical independence may undoubtedly be a check on secular despotism, but freedom requires not a negative limitation of absolute power, but an active participation in the functions of government. The supporters of constitutional liberty in France are too much disposed to rest their opposition on casual and fallacious grounds. Uniform contradiction gives an advantage to the adversary whenever he happens to be in the right, and if NAPOLEON III. were the worst of tyrants he has performed some wise and generous acts. M. THIERS is justified in his preference for Parliamentary insti-

tutions; though as a Protectionist, an advocate of the Pope's temporal power, and an enemy of Italian independence, he furnishes a partial excuse to the admirers of an enlightened despotism. M. GUIZOT's pedantic and acrimonious virtue might almost reconcile a hasty temper to the opposite of any system which commands his approbation; but a genuine and deliberate faith in freedom can tolerate the most uncongenial allies. M. PARADOL apparently understands that the vulnerable point of the Empire is neither its foreign policy, nor its commercial liberality, but its irresponsible monopoly of power. The personages of his dialogue expose with felicitous effect the embarrassments of the untenable position at Rome, but the burden of the satire is, that France has been involved in a vicious policy without being consulted. If M. DE PERSIGNY contends that the nation has transferred its powers to the EMPEROR, M. PARADOL would reply that the millions of ignorant voters alienated rights which were not theirs to give. Universal suffrage is bad enough in its daily exercise, but it is most intolerable when its claim to omnipotence, extending beyond its wilful suicide, converts a temporary possession of despotic power into a perpetual entail.

M. FOULD'S REPORT.

IT is impossible to deny to M. FOULD the credit of having manipulated the finances of France with consummate dexterity and courage, but nothing could be more out of place than the congratulations which have been heaped upon him for having restored the equilibrium which has so long been wanting to the budgets of the Imperial Government. He has probably done all that it was possible to do under the circumstances; but whatever he may effect in future, he has not yet brought the revenue of the country and the expenditure of its Government to anything which approaches equality. Nor, indeed, does he seriously pretend to have worked this crowning miracle, for which the press, both in France and England, seems disposed to give him credit. It is true that he winds up his report with a statement that the accumulated deficit of some 40,000,000*l.*, which was represented by various forms of floating debt, has been reduced by the respectable sum of 6,200,000*l.*, and that the year 1863 will commence with a balance in hand of about 3,200,000*l.* to meet unforeseen expenses. All this is literally true, but M. FOULD is much too shrewd, if not too honest, to present his success as the result of an equilibrium between revenue and expenditure. He does not disguise the fact that the comparative prosperity which he is able to display has been obtained almost entirely by the application of accidental resources to the service of the year; and if he looks forward to a thoroughly stable condition of finance in the immediate future, it is only on the assumption that trade will soon be relieved by the termination of the American troubles—that all the temporary imposts of this year will become permanent, like our own temporary Income-tax—and that the elasticity of French commerce will continue to furnish revenues more and more in excess of the accustomed estimates. Even the drain of the Mexican expedition may, according to the sanguine hopes of the Finance Minister, be covered by the surplus which the growing taxation of the country will supply; and if the cost of the occupation of Rome is no longer mentioned, as it was on former occasions, as one of the special causes of embarrassment of the finances, this is more probably because M. FOULD understands that the subject is too delicate to be referred to without necessity, than from any expectation that the chivalrous and expensive enterprise of protecting the Pope against the hatred of his own people is soon to be abandoned.

It is more useful to turn to the details, which the Report supplies in abundance, than to canvas the generalities with which the position is adroitly summed up; and, if no other merit belonged to the present system and its author, it would be an immense achievement to have ventured on placing the real facts of the situation clearly before the eyes of all who are disposed to see. In order to judge how far M. FOULD's policy has met with the success which he anticipated, it is necessary to go back to the position of affairs in January, when the Budget was promulgated. At that time there was a gap of 7,000,000*l.* between the annual expenditure and the revenue of France. There were floating obligations amounting to 40,000,000*l.*, and there seemed but little scope for retrenchment on the one hand, or increased taxation on the other. At the same time there were some redeeming features. The condition of the public debt was such as to invite an operation which, if successful, would realize a handsome profit. The extravagances of the EMPEROR had been wild enough to leave room for some curtailment,

without putting too severe a strain upon his recently acquired virtue of economy. Though the taxes were burdensome enough, another turn of the screw was practicable, and beyond all this there was a trump-card in the hand, which M. FOULD kept very dark for future emergencies, and which he has now played for the first time. The truth now appears, as was suspected at the time, that the statement of the deficit of 40,000,000*l.* was somewhat of an exaggeration. The amount was no doubt correctly given, but nothing was said of certain items on the other side in the shape of remnants of old loans, arrangements with the Bank, and the like, by which the necessities of the year could be provided for if occasion required. Keeping the greater part of this last resource as a reserve, M. FOULD equalized his budget by adding 5,000,000*l.* to the taxes, chiefly in the form of stamps, and duties on sugar and salt, and by limiting the credits accorded for extraordinary expenses. Shortly afterwards he completed his great scheme for the conversion of the 4*½* per cents. with even more success than he could have anticipated. Nearly four-fifths of this denomination of rentes, representing dividends to the amount of more than 5,000,000*l.*, has been exchanged for 3 per cents.; and the public have paid in hard cash, for the superior security of the new stock, a bonus the aggregate amount of which is nearly 6,500,000*l.* It is by means of this acquisition that M. FOULD has been enabled to reduce the floating debt; and though, of course, any bonus received for the substantial surrender of the power of redeeming the public debt is, in essence, equivalent to a loan, it must be conceded that a French Minister could not have raised so considerable a sum by a process less burdensome to the State than that which M. FOULD has so skilfully employed. Still it is important to bear in mind that the reduction of the floating debt has been effected entirely by drawing on the resources of the future, and affords no indication whatever of an approximation between revenue and expenditure.

But M. FOULD promises an actual surplus at the end of the year, and honestly enough exhibits the materials out of which it is to be composed. As we have said, the budget was originally presented without a deficit, and, indeed, with a minute estimated surplus of 150,000*l.* But even in his first year of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, the EMPEROR could scarcely be expected to keep within the limits assigned to his expenditure. In fact, he has exceeded them by 8,000,000*l.*—a very liberal margin for a severely economical Sovereign. Thanks to the Mexican adventure and to iron ship building, the army and navy have swallowed up 5,000,000*l.* more than M. FOULD allotted to them, and other extraordinary expenses have made up the rest of the deficit. It is wonderful to see the collection of odds and ends with which the whole of this void is, or is expected to be, filled up. The elasticity of French trade, helped by the treaty with England, has done something, for the produce of taxation has surpassed the modest estimate of January by nearly 1,000,000*l.* Supplementary taxes have furnished upwards of 1,500,000*l.*, but still there remained an excess of between five and six millions in the expenditure over the utmost amount of revenue that could be calculated on. Towards this serious amount two windfalls have happily turned up. Spain has paid up an old debt of 1,000,000*l.*, and an instalment of 400,000*l.* has come in from the China indemnity. Even with this exceptional assistance, M. FOULD had still about 4,000,000*l.* to provide. More than half of this is drawn from an old hoard, and the rest is ingeniously extracted from the future. The remains of old loans, it seems, amount to no less than 1,700,000*l.*—a sum as to which a judicious silence was maintained at the outset of the year. The last device with which M. FOULD triumphantly concludes his search for a surplus is just the converse of the operation by which Mr. GLADSTONE netted five quarters of Income-tax in a single year. M. FOULD proposes to repay only three quarters of dividend in the year 1862. The old term of payment was half-yearly, in June and December, and it is now proposed to divide the approaching December payment into two, and to pay one-half, by anticipation, in October, and throw the other over to another year. By all these ingenious contrivances an apparent surplus is still preserved, always assuming that no further extraordinary demands will occur in the remaining months of the year. To have tided through his first year, with even this measure of success, is undoubtedly a proof of great talent on the part of M. FOULD; but it is rather to the real situation of France than to the greater or less dexterity of her financiers that Englishmen will look with interest. That situation is unquestionably improved. Order has been introduced into the Exchequer.

The debt has been advantageously consolidated. Increased taxation has been found practicable, and the country bears it with surprising elasticity. But expenditure has not been reduced, or, at any rate, not to any material extent. The military and naval estimates are exceeded in a year nominally of peace almost as freely as on any former occasion; and if the real outgoings of the year are compared with the actual revenue, there is still an admitted deficit of more than 5,000,000. Moreover, the exceptional resources which have been available for once will not come to the aid of M. FOULD or his successor in future years, and the problem of establishing a permanent equilibrium in the budgets of the EMPEROR is almost as far from being solved as it was when M. FOULD first assumed the direction of financial affairs.

STARRING IT IN THE PROVINCES.

THE Parliamentary recess, which is supposed to be the appointed period of official repose for one class of statesmen, is sometimes the most lively season of the year for that larger section whose eloquence finds a better market in the provinces than within the walls of the House of Commons. At agricultural anniversaries, *soirées* of mechanics' institutes, volunteer reviews, harvest homes, school of art prize distributions—to say nothing of the constitutional account-of-stewardship gatherings which threaten to become an institution of the country—the speeches which, from various accidents, never reached the reporters' gallery or the columns of the daily newspapers, are delivered after the prorogation, under more favourable auspices, local and personal, to audiences less critical and more crowded. An honourable member, as he stands at ease in the vacation, can make a more distinguishable, if not a louder, noise in the discharge of his single shot, than if he had thrown away his powder in the volley-firing of the Parliamentary session. But never, perhaps, during the thousand years of its political existence, did England pass through an autumn less deserving to be designated as the "dead season of the year" than that of 1862. No sooner was Parliament prorogued than Lord PALMERSTON, notwithstanding all the bishoprics and deaneries which were falling daily into his lap, commenced a provincial tour, which he is only now concluding by a Homo-circuit in Hampshire. Almost simultaneously he startled us at the most opposite points of the compass, scattering rose-tinted politics to all classes and both sexes of the British world, from the Tamar to the Tweed. The impression left may, perhaps, not be very definite. A month after date we may see very little in all that local hubbub but a series of noisy ovations to a popular Minister enjoying and testing his popularity. But the PREMIER's pilgrimage to the Midlands served, at all events, the purpose which his colleague's expedition to the North, and his own more recent performances at Winchester and Southampton, have unquestionably answered—that of helping time to pass quick at a season when it has an especial tendency to pass slow, and the still more important one of providing for the literary destitution of the daily papers, which, in the news famine, would otherwise have had little to subsist on in the intervals of American mails and Italian manifestoes.

But even if the PREMIER had refused to be trotted out in August, and if the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had withheld his twelve holiday speeches from his admiring auditors last week in Northumberland, the public and the press would have had to acknowledge an unprecedently liberal supply of materials for thought and controversy furnished by the distinguished society which so recently assembled under the presidency of Professor WILLIS at the University of Cambridge. With a consideration both for themselves and for mankind at large for which we cannot be too grateful, these learned gentlemen, like Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. GLADSTONE, select a season for their utterances when there is little to distract the attention of their auditors; and, happily for them, few objects, animate or inanimate, in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, have this autumn escaped the notice of the British Association. Meteors, manurés, rainbows, gases, gorillas, balloons, shipbuilding, criminal law, submarine cables, rifled ordnance, Canadian storms, photographs, cotton-fields, capillary attraction, *Zostera Marina*, salmon, and naughty boys, African explorations and competitive examinations, have been all in turn investigated and discussed. If, therefore, there should be any complaints of intellectual starvation during the current recess, it is manifest that it will be our own appetite that has been at fault, not the skill or diligence of the caterers who have displayed such laudable and well-timed versatility of culinary art in ministering to our caprice or our necessities. The danger would seem to be, not of atrophy, but

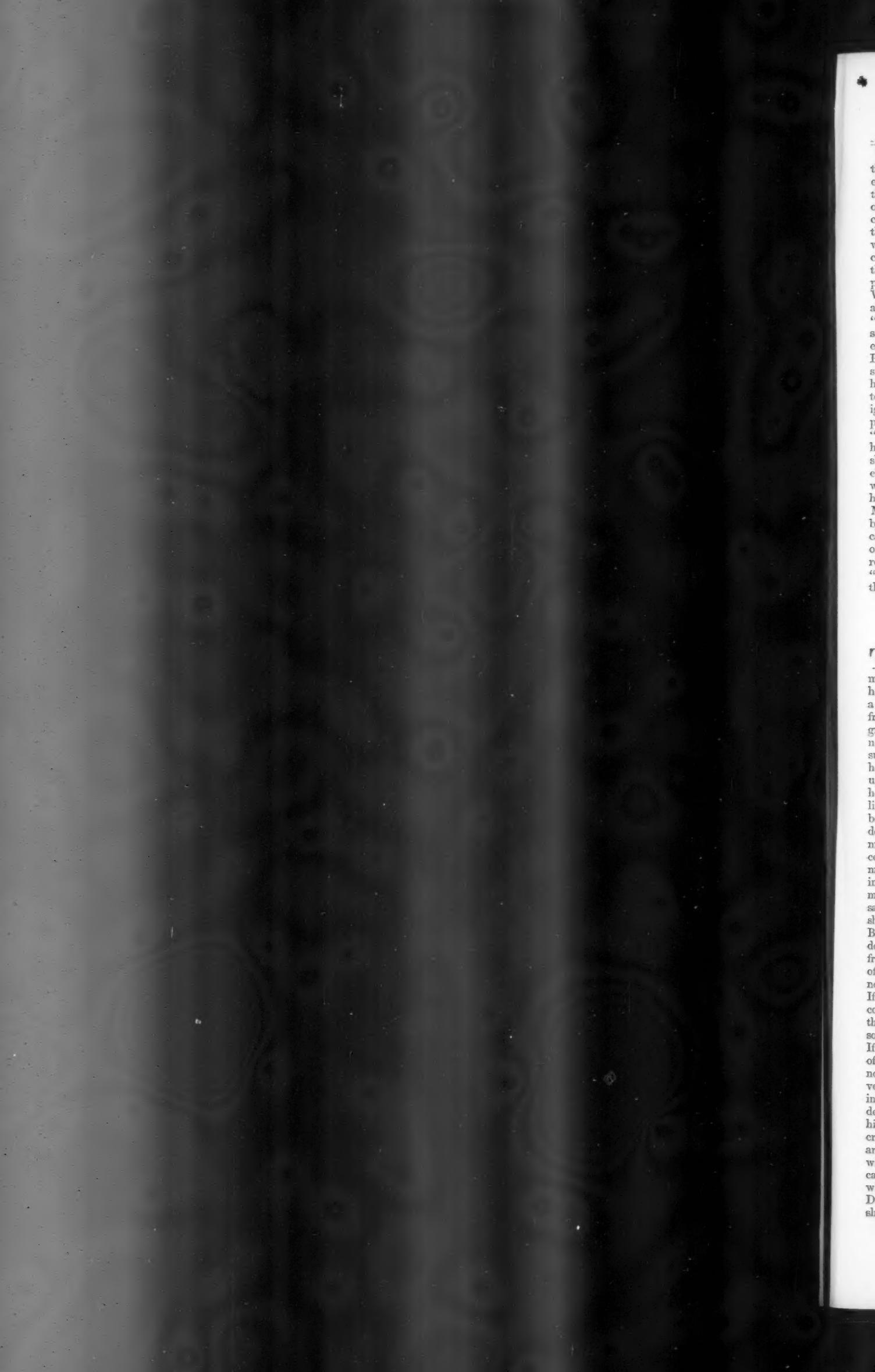
lest our powers of intellectual digestion and deglutition should be overtired. In this case, however, as in all others, the supply will be regulated by the demand. And as nobody now apprehends any evil as likely to arise from popularizing either science or politics, it seems quite as natural and proper that politicians and philosophers should take their provincial tours as the professors of the histrionic art, to whom that privilege has always been conceded. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why there should not be strolling statesmen as well as strolling players—why the French treaty should not be carted round England and exhibited to admiring country bumpkins, as well as Batty's Circus or Wombwell's Menagerie. Mr. GLADSTONE has as good a right to go about on his Northern Circuit puffing the accepted principles of Free Trade, as Christy's Minstrels to circulate their melodies, or the "Deputation of the Parent Society," in Pall Mall, to stimulate the liberality of its provincial auxiliaries. The twelve speeches in three days in the North are quite as fit, if not as marvellous, an exercise of the statesman's art, as his twenty-four speeches in one night in the House of Commons in Committee on the Divorce Bill, a few years ago. The privilege of talking, in session and out of session, is as universally conceded to all members of our Legislature as that of shining on bright nights to all the greater as well as lesser stars of our horizon.

There is, nevertheless, one essential rule to be observed by all who take to "starring it in the provinces," in the neglect of which they run the risk of coming to grief. These politicosidereal bodies must take heed that they emit no new light beyond that which already illuminates the atmosphere in which they shine. In other words, they must tell nobody anything which every one does not know already, or on which mankind at large are not with tolerable unanimity agreed. The philosopher, for instance, who presides over the Gorilla section must avoid all invidious comparison between gentlemen and apes. The county member who returns thanks for a friendly toast at an agricultural gathering may safely propound to his audience (if, indeed, he knows anything on the subject) the precise quantity of superphosphate which ought to be applied to a square yard of mangold-wurtzel. Or, if he happens to be learned in the statistics of the great "Bird versus Insect question," he may tell them the exact number of cockchafers imbedded in the nest of a hedge-sparrow, or the exact number of wire-worms discovered in the crop of a deceased rook. If he is quite sure of his audience, he may perhaps drop a hint on the endless labourer's prize question, though even this may sometimes prove a dangerous topic. But if he goes in for home or foreign politics, and conjectures what the Cabinet, or the EMPEROR, or the PORG, or the PRESIDENT is going to do, or what is going to be done to them, he is almost sure to make a mess of it—especially if he happens to belong to the denomination which is now somewhat affectedly classified as "Men of Mark," by biographers who do not inform us by what kind of mark history will distinguish their heroes. An illustration of the danger of digressing from the trodden path of platitudes is afforded by one of the recent orations at Newcastle. We did not need a Cabinet Minister to tell us, what all who possess even the most elementary acquaintance with passing events in America have known for more than half a year, that the independence of the Southern States is an accomplished fact, nor does it become one whit more an accomplished fact by the circumstance of Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement. The only importance of such a statement from such a quarter is, that so long as a section of the community most nearly affected refuse to accept the event and its consequences, the wish of the British statesman who proclaims it without a qualifying regret, at such a time, may possibly be assumed to have been the father to his thought. Let us hope, however, that, when Mr. GLADSTONE's Northumbrian orations are reported for the information of our Transatlantic cousins, they may at the same time, and before any needless irritation is aroused, discover that the most eloquent of the series—that, namely, which was delivered amid the soft messages of champagne which flitted about the cabin of the good ship *Harry Clasper*—was drowned amid the salvos of the Tyne-side ordnance. In the absence of authentic records, they are quite at liberty to assume that this unreported speech contained not only all necessary corrections of the little indiscretion at Newcastle, but, for all we know to the contrary, the most ardent aspirations for the restoration of the American Union. And this theory of interpretation, as applied to the oratory of our Finance Minister, will be no doubt consolatory to their wounded feelings.

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All men, however, as is well known, are not endowed with that happy facility of rhythmical self-contradiction which enables Mr. GLADSTONE, without any apparent disturbance of the harmony of his utterances, to provide a merciful means of escape to hearers of all varieties of opinion from all his conclusions. It is difficult to imagine a more striking contrast than that presented by the two great political luminaries which have recently enlightened the provincial heavens—a contrast not the less remarkable when it is remembered that the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER form a portion of that brilliant constellation called the Cabinet. We will venture to say that even the WAR-SECRETARY, with all his profound acquaintance with the "Astronomy of the "Ancients," would be unable to point, in all the history of scientific observation, to a bright particular star which has ever shone with more appropriately subdued lustre than Lord PALMERSTON amid the circle of Bishops and dignitaries who surrounded him at Winchester last Monday. That he should have kept strictly within the domain of common-place on the touchy topic of education may be ascribed, as we choose, to ignorance or to indifference; but when his "Speculative" performances, of sixty years ago, on "Russian Power," and "American Independence," were so adroitly dangled before his eyes by the Bishop of the diocese, that the wary PREMIER should not have risen to the bait can be ascribed to nothing else than that intuitive tact which, if it did not teach him what to eat and drink at the dinner in St. John's rooms, taught him, at all events, what it was prudent to avoid. For Cabinet Ministers, no less than for ordinary mortals, who may be led by duty or inclination to appear in their official or senatorial capacity on provincial boards, the safe rule, which the exception of which we have spoken only contributes to establish, is to refrain from all politics more modern than those of the "Fusty Club," and from all facts less universally accepted than those revealed by the *Companion to the Almanack*.

GENERAL BUTLER.

THE world has almost become callous, by this time, to the atrocities of General BUTLER. Indignation yields more quickly to familiarity than any other feeling; and, until he has really executed his threat of turning New Orleans into a second Saint Domingo, nothing that he can do will elicit from Europe again that universal outburst of execration which greeted his first proclamation. The truth is, that there was nothing remarkable in his proceedings except from their presumed inconsistency with the feelings of the nation to which he belonged, and the institutions under which he had grown up. Considered simply as a specimen of the human brute, he is not very interesting or very singular. He is only a little worse than the late King of NAPLES, and he is rather better than the King of DAHOMEY, or than NANA SAHIB. He does not govern a subject population more barbarously than many savage potentates have done. Compared to the proceedings of an Asiatic conqueror, his government is mild. The only peculiarity about him is, that acting in the name of a people who are nominally civilized, his maxims of government and principles of warfare are purely savage. Civilized rulers often exercise terrible severity, and shed blood far more freely than it has been shed by General BUTLER. But they do it for some purpose of policy. If they do not care to conciliate, they are at least satisfied with frightening. But General BUTLER acts solely for the purpose of gratifying his own revenge. A woman's smile could under no circumstances be dangerous to his rule in New Orleans. If he had been a civilized man of any sense, it would not have cost him a moment's uneasiness. If he had possessed any of the honourable feeling which is usually associated with a soldier's profession, he would not have made war on women. If he had even been endowed with the ordinary magnanimity of a Red Indian, his revenge would have been satiated before now. It required not only the nature of a savage, but of a very mean and pitiful kind of savage, to be induced by indignation at a woman's smile to inflict an imprisonment so degrading in its character as that which seems to constitute his favourite punishment, and accompanied by privations so cruel. But now that we fully understand that these things are done by a ruler whose instincts have nothing in common with the instincts of a civilized man, no details of brutality can cause us any surprise. It is as useless to be indignant with General BUTLER as with the "customs" of the King of DAHOMEY. It is only a pity that so unadulterated a barbarian should have got hold of an Anglo-Saxon name.

But the point in the case which must cause unceasing sur-

prise is, that the war against women, prosecuted by BUTLER and TURCHIN, should have the full approval of the Government and people whose commissions they bear. Individual instances of extreme depravity are too common to attract much attention; but when a whole nation makes itself the accomplice of such crimes, the event becomes of historical importance. The Northerners are perfectly familiar with the proclamation of General BUTLER, which has called forth the execration of all Europe; and they know all the atrocities of his subsequent government. They know, also, how Colonel TURCHIN planned and perpetrated against the leaders of Southern society the most diabolical revenge that was ever conceived by man. It is not only the desperate mobs of New York and Cincinnati, or the semi-savages of the north-west, or the adventurers who rule at Washington that know it. The polished and refined society of the Atlantic cities, the literary Americans whose names are familiar to European ears, know it also. Yet no voice has been raised to demand that these two miscreants shall cease to disgrace the service of a nation that professes to be civilized. The Democrats, it is true, are silenced by martial law. A word or a look of disgust at anything done by a Federal officer would be a passport to La Fayette. But the Republicans are still free. They have been able to demand, and to procure, the overthrow of the Constitution to which the PRESIDENT has sworn, and the issue of a proclamation which is intended to carry all the horrors of a servile revolt to every plantation that is within range of a gun-boat's shells. Such a triumph shows that, if they had cared to wipe off from their country's fame the foulest stain that has ever fallen on any Christian nation since the close of the Thirty Years' War, the demand could have been made with safety, and probably with success. But they have not cared. Such things revolt them not. Nothing is distasteful to them which leads them to their revenge. All the restraints which honour and religion have laid upon the native passions of mankind weigh very lightly upon them. In the agony of this fearful struggle, the natural savagery of that *colluvies gentium* which constitutes the population of the Northern States is peeping out from beneath the mask of an assumed civilization. The most polished orators and writers are not ashamed to take service with a Government which appeals to the lusts of its soldiers in order to supplement their courage, and consoles itself for many defeats by brilliant victories over women. It must be a sweet consolation to the American Government to reflect that the Southern leaders whom it cannot master in the field can yet be reached and punished through the sufferings of their wives at New Orleans, and the dishonour of their daughters at Athens.

These terrible episodes in the war throw a curious light upon the American character. There are few European lands where such things could be done, and still fewer where they would be endured. The character of the Southern people, who are the truest representatives of the old colonial stock, is a curious mixture of gallantry and submission. In the field, by the testimony of their enemies, "they fight like demons;" but outside the military ranks, there seem to be no bounds to their submission. Such a Government as that of General BUTLER might be set up and maintained by an overpowering force in any country in Europe; but in most countries it would not be maintained without resistance. The mere fact that a rebellion can be crushed is generally no sort of guarantee that it will not be attempted. Many countries cherish the record of some almost hopeless revolt, caused by the lawless and unworthy treatment of women. But the Americans carry their calculating habits with them even in the most desperate emergencies. They have no faith in any revolt which is not supported by drilled troops. Their superior education appears to have incapacitated them for desperate ventures. In all their campaigns, there has been a great display of courage, but an almost complete absence of dash. Even under the most fearful provocation they never attain to the *nullam spectare salutem* point. The Sicilian Vespers were the work of a rude, impulsive people, too fiery to think of consequences when once they had experienced the last outrage which the conquered can endure from the conqueror. But there is no danger that any similar catastrophe will be the result of the fascination exercised by a New Orleans' bride upon a Yankee soldier. It is possible that the aptitude for conspiracy must be learned in the school of oppression. In the meantime, till VAN DORN shall have given to General BUTLER the short shrift he has so richly earned, his government will furnish a striking illustration of the difficulties which the Federalists will have to surmount in the occupation of Southern cities. General BUTLER is not able to govern without an absolute suspension of all the ordinary transactions

of life. Allegiance to the Government at Washington can only be upheld by the presence of some fifteen thousand soldiers, and the prohibition of every act of trade, of whatever kind, by any persons who shall refuse to take the oath of allegiance. Of course, if it were possible that such a policy should be persisted in, New Orleans will become a desert. A policy of the same kind, but not half so complete, pursued in the narrow territory of Venetia, is fast bearing the Austrian Empire to the ground. If it were conceivable that victory should crown the present efforts of the North, it would not be difficult to foresee the financial doom of a State which should have to pursue the policy of Austria in Venetia, in a far heightened form, over a territory of a hundred times its size.

THE LAND TRANSFER OFFICE.

ON Wednesday last an experiment was commenced, which may either prove a ludicrous *coup manqué* or be the means of wiping away the reproach which has long attached to our Conveyancing system, of being the most costly, dilatory, and inefficient mode of dealing with land which is to be found in any civilized country. The Office of Land Registry is now open; and it remains to be seen whether it will gradually absorb all the conveyancing business of the country, or resolve itself into a mild establishment of easy sinecures.

We do not believe that any one can say beforehand, with much confidence, which of these results is the more probable. The difficulties to be surmounted are by no means inconsiderable, though there are good grounds to expect that they will be met with vigour and address. Those who were most enthusiastic in support of the CHANCELLOR's project have never been able to disguise from themselves that the measure which has become law is tentative and sketchy to the verge of crudeness. Ingenious doubters can find a host of questions suggested by almost every clause in the Act, to which neither the framer of the Bill nor the chief of the new office would be able to give off-hand a satisfactory answer. The whole machinery by which the Act is to be worked remains to be constructed on the basis of an experience which is not yet acquired. The scheme of the Bill was prudently, and indeed of necessity, kept clear of all administrative details. A few general principles are established by law, and it is left to the Chief Registrar to mould them into a working system. Upon his tact and energy the complete triumph or the total failure of the novel experiment will depend; and it is a good augury that the CHANCELLOR has been able to find a coadjutor in his favourite project so thoroughly up to the mark as Mr. SPENCER FOLLETT. It could scarcely have been hoped that the office of Chief Registrar would have had sufficient attractions to tempt a Queen's Counsel of Mr. FOLLETT's ability and position; and if the scheme should ultimately fall to the ground, it will not be for want of having a fair chance, so far as the principal appointment is concerned.

The General Orders which have been issued for the conduct of the business of the new office curiously illustrate the tentative character of the whole project. Substantially, the Act did little more than enact that a registry office should be established, with power to grant indefeasible titles; and that all the responsibility of constructing the machinery of the office and the code of procedure should rest with the Registrar, acting, of course, with the sanction of the LORD CHANCELLOR. The thing was to be done, and it was to be done in such manner as the Registrar should by General Orders direct. The first set of orders have appeared, and they still leave almost every detail to be determined in each case by the future decision of the Registrar. Nothing but experience can reduce the project into form and consistency, and it was no doubt the wisest course to leave the system to grow up by degrees, in place of attempting to establish upon theory an unbending code of rules, which it might afterwards have been found impossible to work. Still, though we have no fault to find with the caution which has been shown in the first step, it must be acknowledged that much remains to be done before the experimental stage can be said to have come to an end. Neither the Act nor the Orders give the least clue to the process by which the most serious difficulties are to be overcome; and it would perhaps be idle and premature to discuss matters of detail which will ultimately find their own solution.

The one thing which it is interesting to consider now is the degree of attraction which the new Office will present to the owners of land. If business flows in, it will, under good

management, soon work itself into an orderly and effectual system. It may be that considerable assistance will be required from future legislation; but if the success of the experiment is really desired by those who will be most affected by it, sooner or later that success will be assured. The issue depends now much more on the landowners of the country than even on the official staff of the Registry office; and it is for them to consider what they may gain — and what, if anything, they may risk — by cordially adopting the facilities of transfer which the law has put within their reach. The latter part of this question may be easily answered. The proprietor who registers his title risks nothing. There are, in theory at any rate, some risks involved in the operation of the Act; but they are not for the applicant who asks for an indefeasible title, but for strangers to him, who may have some remote interest in the land which all the vigilance of the Registrar, and all the machinery of notices and advertisements, may fail to discover. It is possible that in England under the new Act, as in Ireland under the Encumbered Estates Act, some of the persons interested in an estate may find their property gone without a chance of compensation, when once the purchase-money has been paid away. As a matter of legal symmetry and accurate justice, it would have been desirable to provide for such cases by making the Consolidated Fund applicable to insure innocent persons who may suffer by official blunders from consequences which they ought not to bear. A clause of this kind was promised before the Bill went into the House of Commons, but it is not to be found in the Act, and the measure is open to the reproach of exposing the rights of undiscovered claimants to an imaginary risk. The experience acquired in Ireland proves that the danger of this kind of miscarriage is altogether insignificant, and the blot is, therefore, one of no practical importance. Certainly, it is one which will not hazard the success of the project, because, as we have said, the risk is not for those on whose willingness to avail themselves of the Act the result will entirely depend. The chief deterring influence will, no doubt, be the expense of the investigation required before the imprimatur of the office is put upon a title. In all probability this will have the effect of limiting the early applications to estates which are about to be brought into the market, or on which it is desired to raise money by way of mortgage, but this class of estates will soon embrace a very large proportion of the property of the country. When the owner of land is under the necessity of incurring the expense of an investigation of title for the purpose of a mortgage, it will be an unmixed benefit to him to make one costly investigation serve, not only for his present, but for all future needs; and there are few proprietors who will not appreciate the advantage of having a title on which, at any time, money can be raised, without the wearisome delay and oppressive cost which are the common preludes to a mortgage transaction. Almost as great an inducement exists for persons who are about to dispose of large estates in lots. It is true that the multiplied expense of a number of distinct investigations of title, or a large proportion of it, falls, nominally at least, upon the purchaser; but it is not less certain that the price obtained for land is reduced nearly by the full average amount of such expenses, and that no money could be better laid out by an intending vendor than that which would enable him to offer his land for sale with an indefeasible title. In cases where titles are doubtful, some hesitation will be felt in attempting to perfect them up to the official standard, especially when the possible damage of having a title rejected is taken into account; but there seems nothing to deter the large class of landowners who have marketable titles, and who contemplate dealings, either by way of auction or mortgage, with their estates. These, if any, will be the first flock of applicants, and they should be numerous enough to give Mr. FOLLETT ample occupation, and to float the new system without delay.

Besides the benefit of having a title which cannot be questioned, there are some incidental advantages which registration will afford, and which few landowners will be inclined to despise. Whatever may be thought in professional circles, the purchaser of land will not be sorry to learn that the form of conveyance of a fee simple provided by the Act contains exactly fifteen words, besides the names of the parties and the description of the estate, and that a few lines are intended to operate as a complete mortgage security, with power of sale. Probably these forms will be a little expanded in practice, unless future legislation shall give them a more definite meaning than the quaint enactment, that they are to be as complete and effectual as any other form of conveyance; but, without dwelling on any

of the rather loose provisions with which the Act abounds, there is no doubt that the new system will largely curtail the length of conveyances. The existence of the Registry will dispense with the necessity for recitals, and the official title will make the common covenants still more superfluous than they are at present.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the first reception of the new Act. If it is extensively used by any one class of landholders, it will be almost certain to go on till it gradually absorbs almost all the property in the country. When once the system is in full work, those who have held back at first will be almost compelled, if ever they wish to deal with their property, to come in with the rest. The position of a non-registered proprietor will be nominally, but not really, the same as it was before the Act passed. Purchasers and lenders will have learned to look for a title which cannot be questioned, and it will no longer be easy, as it is now, to sell land by auction under conditions which practically relieve the vendor from showing any title at all. A still greater inconvenience will drive numbers of owners into the Registry Office. At present a man may raise money at his banker's in five minutes by simply depositing the title-deeds of his estates. In future he may still do the same, provided his title is not on the registry, but not otherwise; the effect of which condition will be to render it necessary, before effecting an equitable mortgage, to prove that the land remains unregistered. The Act, as it stands, throws insuperable obstacles in the way of a negative search; and those who wish to retain the power of borrowing on a simple deposit of their documents of title will be almost compelled to register, in order to obtain possession of the land certificate, which is, in the case of registered land, to take the place of title-deeds for the purpose of an equitable mortgage.

In any change in the administration of the law, it is always a great point to secure the support of professional lawyers. Most landowners will be guided, in a matter of so much nicety, by the advice of their solicitors, and it is not yet certain what the tone of that advice is likely to be. In some respects the pecuniary interests of legal practitioners are seriously threatened by the Act; but the business of passing titles through the Court, and the constant occupation of keeping old titles always posted up, as they say in the City, to the actual date, will go far to remunerate the lawyers for the loss of occasional large profits in conveyancing transactions. Apart from considerations of self-interest, which will not perhaps consciously weigh with the better part of the profession, there are old habits and prejudices to be got over, and new intricacies and difficulties to be dealt with. Lawyers would be a class far above the average of mankind if such considerations did not cool their zeal for a reform of this sweeping kind; but many among them are as keenly alive to the value of the measure as the CHANCELLOR himself, and it may be hoped that the hesitation with which the majority will naturally regard the experiment will not be developed into obstinate obstruction.

MODERN PAGANISM.

CLASSICAL studies have now been in fashion in England for three centuries, and have been pursued with nearly equal zeal on the Continent. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should have greatly affected all our modes of thinking. The great writers of antiquity are the models on which our style is supposed to be formed, and the histories of Greece and Rome have become the textbooks for political discussion. But these direct influences are by no means the only, or the greatest, which we derive from the classical world. Christianity has by no means superseded Paganism in modern society, and the familiarity of Western Europe with classical literature has given Paganism a new life. Paganism is, indeed, dead in the sense of a religious life or creed. There is either Christianity in the world, or there is nothing. Nor are we speaking of Paganism in the sense in which it is sometimes used as equivalent to heathenism, and meaning the absence of all Christian instruction and principle. Modern Paganism is quite compatible with Christianity. It is of a different, but not necessarily a hostile, spirit. It represents certain things in the intellectual and moral life of man which are desired and desirable, but are not derived from, or immediately connected with, Christianity. Whether, in the course of centuries, these things will lose their connexion with the old classical world, it is impossible to say. But so long as the language and literature of Greece and Rome are studied, it is scarcely likely they will; for Greece and Rome supply us with what is wanted, and the more the form, through classical study, is familiar, the better it accomplishes the purpose of furnishing a vehicle through which the thoughts that now assume the shape of Paganism can be expressed. The whole of this Modern Paganism rests on the need felt by an established, a wealthy, an intellectual, and a studious society to have something more earthly, and more allied to this life, and

the pleasures and thoughts and beauties of this present world, than Christianity is. Experience teaches that man wants something besides spiritual bread. We cannot get rid of art, and wealth, and the powers of the imagination and reason. The attempt to do so, and to have none but a spiritual world here, has been tried a hundred times, in very different ages, and by very different sets of people, and it has always failed. This world claims to have its share in us. We find that we cannot do without material advancement. Decrease of riches means, in the modern world, as Spain and Southern Italy have shown, decrease in moral and religious activity. We find also a void in the intellect which Christianity was obviously never meant to supply; and we fill it up by the aid of Paganism.

In the first place, art is to a great extent Pagan. We have, as it is termed, Christianized it to some extent—that is, we have associated the Gothic style with some of the finest buildings dedicated to Christian worship; and Mr. Ruskin has shown that it is possible, in moments of excitement, to write about art in phrases borrowed from the Hebrew prophets. But the sense of beauty, and the love of things beautiful and of the forms of statuary, are especially of this world, and Paganism has seized them for its own. The antique in art remains as instructive and as satisfying to one generation as to another. We cannot escape from the necessity of going to a Venus for our best model of the female form, and to an Apollo for our best model of the male. The study of art makes us live in the atmosphere of the Greek mythology. It is indeed possible to give to the shapes of the creations of Greek fancy the name of Christian saints, and to think they are then more Christian, just as it is customary, in some families when Sunday is found dull, to play at games which are made religious by the combatants having to introduce names from the Old Testament. But a Greek deity is a Greek deity by whatever name it is called. It is not by chance, or under the influence of an unmeaning fashion, that sculptors go on reproducing more Venuses and Apollos. They want to mould the nude figure of man, and in order that it may be looked on with respect and with that poetical feeling which is the foundation of all appreciation of art, they wish to invest their creation with a power to awake some associations beyond the sphere of common life. The Greek mythology furnishes them with what they want. It makes the naked human form rich in the associations of a poetry presented to all classical students through the medium of a literature finished, graceful, and subtle. The modern world can scarcely supply an equivalent. The naked form of a Christian saint would be a gross irreverence; and that of a man or woman of modern times would be a gross indecency. Yet to abandon the representation of the nude would be to throw away the power of excelling where sculpture is most excellent. We should be very sorry if there were no more modern Venuses, and if sculpture became Christianized into a facsimile of a child's nightgown.

Then, again, Paganism is still wanted to people the wilder face of nature. We cannot get rid of the wish to see in forests, and by rivers, and on rocks, some inhabitants of a world that is not ours. In the middle ages, and in the earlier days of modern literature, the mythology of the North supplied the want, sometimes with little change in the legends and traditions of the Northern conquerors of Rome, sometimes under a slightly Christian dress. Nature was peopled, to the eye of poetry, by fairies, and witches, and demons, and such terrestrial angels as are represented in *Comus*. Classical literature brought back nymphs, and satyrs, and gods, and goddesses. Painting and sculpture greatly assisted this change. Great painters spent their powers on fanciful representations of Bacchus, and Pan, and Aurora, and freely mixed them up with the figures of modern life. We are in these days perfectly conscious that all this peopling of nature is wholly fictitious. We know there is no Apollo in the sun, no fairies in the moonlight—that nymphs do not haunt groves, that demons do not lurk in thickets. We are as well aware that both the language of Northern Mythology and that of Classical Mythology are, in our mouths, a mere way of talking, as we are that there are ten syllables in an ordinary line of Pope's verses. But poetry cannot do without this way of talking. The impulse to feign mysterious, and awful, and beautiful, or malignant inhabitants of the face of nature is too strong to be resisted, and poetry cannot leave nature so bare as she would appear without her traditional tenants. It is often only in a very guarded way that this old peopling of nature is now introduced, by allusion—or even, as in Wordsworth's "Excursion," by direct description of it as of something non-existent. But the poet cannot go on entirely without it, and without reference to it; and very considerable modern poets have gone back to the Classical Mythology openly, and have used it as the aptest vehicle for expressing that union of modern feeling with the control of ancient thought which they felt to be pressing on them. Shelley and Keats are perhaps the most familiar names among poets who have done this, but there are many others less known, either as being men of lesser genius, or belonging to foreign and not to English literature.

All intellectual culture, too—all conscious shaping of the mind, and guidance of life through the intellect—has in it something Pagan. It is earthly, and not spiritual. Goethe, the apostle to the modern world of intellectual culture, was consciously, and even obtrusively, Pagan. Great as has been his influence, it would have been much more extended and permanent had it not been evident that this intellectual culture was treated by him, not as something supplementary to Christianity, but as something that might be substituted

for it. The experience of man has settled some things with tolerable certainty, and one of them is that the mass of mankind—the mass even of the better, and cleverer, and more thoughtful portion of mankind—cannot be improved into a reliable goodness by philosophy and taste. But directly intellectual culture is treated as it ought to be, as supplementary to Christianity, it attains an indisputable value. Nor is it possible that the intellectual culture of the modern world should not be in a large degree Pagan. It is precisely because they present us with a philosophy, and a way of life, and a state of feeling that are not Christian, that the writings and biographies of the Greeks and Romans are so useful to us. We gauge through their means what Christianity has brought into the world, and what it has not. Mind—as we may, if we please, express the process—is thus distinguished from spirit; and we look to classical literature as the best exponent of the reason and moral feeling of man when left to himself. For example, the whole notion of virtue is entirely and distinctly Pagan, but we can only see how this is so by an acquaintance with classical literature. And yet no one would think that this notion of virtue is one with which modern society could dispense. Many similar moral conceptions, the fruits of intellectual effort in the ancient world, might be collected, which have now become a part of our daily and habitual thought, and as to which we are not sensible that they stand in any way apart from Christianity, but the Pagan character of which is constantly refreshed by our study of the classical authors.

Pagan literature also serves many humbler and less universal purposes. It is used in many curious ways; and one of the most curious is to convey common reflections in a rather romantic and poetical form. Platitudes are buried in a heap of mythological rhapsodies; and in the hands of a facile and fanciful writer this way of stirring up the confused imaginations of readers is often successful, particularly when the reader is new to it. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is especially fond of making this use of Paganism. In all his earlier novels, there were many chapters in which the narrative was stopped for a page or two in order that, under the disguise of an outpouring about Eros and Anteros, the difficulty of deciding whether the young man of the story was to marry the young woman might be suggested. The device has been adopted by more recent writers, and especially by the author of *Guy Livingston*, who is more desperately mythological, perhaps, than any other novelist of the day. It is his ambition to be thought at once very poetical and very "turfy." The latter object he effects by calculating the odds against or for every event of his story, and speaking of the women as if they had four legs. The former object he effects by the most curious and free allusions to Greek mythology. If, for example, he were describing one of his lady-mares going wrong with an officer, he would think it appropriate to stop the story and exclaim—"O Aphrodite, daughter of the beading foam, wilt thou ever forsake thy tottering Hephaestus for the lush Arcs?" This style, we believe, is generally admired in sporting circles, and shows how much more useful Paganism is than is ordinarily supposed.

OXFORD PAST AND PRESENT.

THE University of Oxford, like the United States of America, changes its chief magistrate once in four years. An "inaugural" and a "farewell address" are expected in both cases alike. Accordingly, the University has been lately listening to the farewell address of Dr. Jeune, and to the inaugural speech of Dr. Lightfoot. The outer world is admitted only to a short summary of orations which are still delivered in the Latin tongue. Of course the matter of those summaries is mainly complimentary. The outgoing dignitary could not resign his powers into better hands than those of his successor, and the in-coming dignitary could not have a better example to follow than that of his predecessor. Generally, "the tone of Dr. Jeune's address was cheerful." A few public calamities had indeed to be deplored, but of local sorrows there were none. Three new Professors "received words of compliment;" death had spared all the officers of the University; "the state of its exchequer"—that mysterious "University Chest," of which so much is spoken and so little seen—was one on which the University is to be "felicitated." Then Mr. Chandler has written a book on Greek accents, of which Dr. Jeune speaks in a manner which is somewhat oracular, but which is evidently meant to be laudatory. Mr. Chandler has "treated the subject with German exhaustiveness, and has, in the author's view, completely disposed of it." We are not sure that we know what is meant by "German exhaustiveness," and we should specially like to know what the Latin for "exhaustiveness" is. We are not clear whether it is in Dr. Jeune's view, or in Mr. Chandler's own view, that Mr. Chandler has completely disposed of the subject of Greek accents. But we suppose that, in the view of one or other of them, Greek accents are so completely disposed of that they will never be heard of again. If this view should prove to be correct, a good deal of trouble will certainly be saved to English schoolmasters and English printers. But we fear that Mr. Chandler and Dr. Jeune will find it hard work to persuade native Greeks to talk about Hermione and Miltiades, or to forget the difference between Basil the Βουλγαρικόν and Nikephorus the Βουλγαρούτονος. On two points, indeed, the outgoing Vice-Chancellor seemed, in the first version of his speech, to have diversified the universal rose-colour with a darker tint. But we learned next morning that these were only "inaccuracies which had crept in." As the speech appeared at first, Dr. Jeune seemed to have broken through

the bonds of etiquette, and to have expressed the wonder which we suppose he feels, in common with other people, at the late strange election of a Chichele Professor. "With respect to another professorship recently filled up, a doubt was expressed whether it was expedient or creditable to the University that the power of appointment should rest in an extraneous body." The allusion seemed unmistakable, and as just as unmistakable. But next morning we are told that the allusion was "not to any recently filled professorship," but to some prospective legislation about certain other professorships. Again, in the first version, Dr. Jeune was made to "mention with disapproval"—and, we thought, with very just disapproval—"the unruly conduct of the undergraduate body at the Commemoration." But it seems that even this exception to the generally cheerful tone of the speech was all a mistake. "The reference to the conduct of the undergraduates at the last Commemoration was less severe than stated" [sic] in the old version. The "exact expression used" was, that "there had not been on the occasion too much cause to complain of them." This is the darkest passage of all—it is as hard of solution as the Roman question. Again we heartily wish that we had Dr. Jeune's Latin. Did he, by any chance, use the word "nimis" in its medieval sense of "very much," and did his translator understand it in its classical sense of "too much?" To say that "there had not been very much cause to complain," makes perfectly good sense; but it is hard to see what can be meant by "not too much cause to complain." A Vice-Chancellor can hardly mean that he rather likes a little unruly conduct, only there must not be too much of it. Practically, such a doctrine would not be wholly unsound, but it would hardly befit the dignity of official lips. A friend of ours once complained to the General Post-Office that the lock of his private bag had been broken or hampered in the course of its journeys. He got for answer, in the "grand style" of officials, that "it did not appear that any unjustifiable amount of violence had been employed with respect to it." The natural inference was, that there is a certain amount of violence which the General Post-Office thinks may be justifiably "employed with respect to" the locks of private letter-bags. So the natural explanation of Dr. Jeune's printed words is, that there is a certain amount of "cause to complain," which is, in short, no cause to complain at all. We will venture on a gloss. If we had Dr. Jeune's original Latin, we have no doubt we should find that he meant something like this:—"There is no harm in the young men letting off their spirits in moderation before the procession enters the Theatre, but they ought not to interrupt the proceedings of the day." He meant probably to reprimand alike the disgraceful licence taken by some undergraduates, and the priggishness of some former Vice-Chancellors, who stuck up notices enjoining perfect silence even before the entrance of the procession. If we are right in our interpretation of what, as it lies before us, is rather enigmatical, we thoroughly agree with Dr. Jeune both as to what he allows and as to what he forbids.

Oxford, then, according to the cheerful report of its ex Vice-Chancellor, is in an almost ideal state of perfection. How far the pleasant picture is altogether true, it is very difficult to say. A University is pre-eminently an abode of change. Not only are men always changing, but things are always changing too. New statutes are always being made, new subjects of study are always being introduced, to say nothing of those constant changes of social habits and of tone of thought which are not matters for either national or local legislation. The exact results of those changes, and how far they are for good or for evil, it is not always easy to make out. A mere stranger of course never understands them—a University is always a mystery to a non-University man. A resident has the best opportunity of mastering details, but changes gradually going on before his eyes do not always strike him as changes. Or, again, as to definite legislative changes, perhaps he has supported them, and so is bound to make the best of their results; perhaps he has opposed them, and so is bound to make the worst of them. Or, what is worse still, he may have promoted changes, and have found that they have not answered his expectations, in which case he will judge their results still more severely than if he had opposed them all along. A non-resident who keeps up some intercourse with the place sees many things which a resident does not see; but he cannot have the same knowledge of details, and he is therefore always liable to break down as to minute facts. A young man's memory does not go back far enough into the past to make the needful comparison with the present, while an old man's mind is cast too completely in the mould of the past to be able to throw himself thoroughly into the spirit of the present. The feeling of the "laudator temporis acti" never comes out so strongly as when looking at institutions which not only recall, but which deeply influenced, a man's own early days. Still, with all these difficulties besetting every class of observer, there are some marked differences between the Oxford of to-day and the Oxford, say, of twenty years back, which can hardly fail to strike any careful observer of any class.

That mere habits and fashions constantly change in a place a large part of whose population is renewed every four years, is something so obvious that it need not be insisted on. To say that the dress of the undergraduates and the hours of the common-room have altered somewhat, is merely to say that Oxford obeys the same universal law which affects all other places. We are thinking of much more serious changes than these. Some are connected with the late legislative changes in the studies and discipline of the place; others are part of the general tendencies of the age, affect-

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ing Oxford as well as other places. Twenty years back, the great High Church movement was in its full swing, and its birth-place naturally came in for the greatest share of its results, both good and bad. That movement carried with it a very large proportion of the intellect and vigour of the place. It carried with it, indeed, a larger proportion than is commonly thought; for many men who are known to the world, or to the present generation of Oxford men, as adherents of quite another school, followed the so-called Tractarian lead in their youth. There was no possible religious movement which could have appealed in the same way to young and ardent intellects. Puritanism is not, and cannot be, the religion of scholars. The High Church movement, on the other hand, instead of proscribing, fostered learning. Its æsthetical and historical side, its love of antiquity, its appeal to writings of other ages and other tongues, completely fell in with the spirit and the studies of the place. Here and there an enthusiast suffered a technical failure in the schools through over attention to studies which did not directly pay there. But, on the whole, the studies of the place—the classical scholarship, the ancient history, the moral philosophy—more than kept their ground alongside of the theological system. The attempts made to crush the leaders by authority of course only the more endeared them and their doctrines to their disciples. With the truth of particular dogmas it is not our business to meddle; and, quite irrespective of the truth of particular dogmas, the High Church movement, like all other movements, had its silly and extravagant side. But one professed object of a University—the union of religion and learning—was probably never so fully realized as during its prevalence.

We need not say that the intellect of the present generation has gone off on quite another tack. Not belief, but doubt, is the present fashion. Now belief and doubt, both of them, have their uses. Each of them has its good and its bad side. Doubt is the more daring and impressive; but belief, even if sometimes rather illogical, is decidedly the more amiable. Let a negative system be true, and a positive system be false, still the positive system will call out some of the best qualities of our nature in a way that the negative system cannot. The smiter of error who reveals no counter-truths wins admiration rather than love. Of course, under any system, the opposite vices of blind submission and of silly self-conceit will each find ways of showing themselves. It is as easy to make an idol of an apostle of doubt as it is to make one of a Pope or a Council. High Churchmanship is essentially a system of submission, yet many High Churchmen have before now thought it creditable to play off all kinds of vagaries in opposition to the authority under which they immediately found themselves. We do not speak of the extravagances of either side—we speak of the effects of the two systems on the best professors of both. It is certain that the present generation is growing up in a spirit of greater independence and self-reliance, of less deference to age, to tradition, to authority of all kinds, than was in vogue twenty years since. The change may be for the better or for the worse, but the fact of the change is undeniable. Probably, if minutely examined, it has both its good and its bad side. The young men of the present day have gained something in wideness of view, and at least apparent worldly knowledge. But they have certainly lost much that was very attractive in their predecessors. On the other hand, acts of petty persecution are doing all that can be done to enlist their best feelings on the side on which it is wished that they should not be enlisted. If any man, especially one of the most conscientious and hardworking officers of the University, is proscribed and insulted on account of his opinions, those opinions are at once put in an attractive light to every generous mind. Men in authority are slow to believe it, but there is no policy so foolish as that of making martyrs.

Again, the working of some parts of the great recent Academical Revolution has been very doubtful. There are, indeed, some daring spirits who hint that the new Hebdomadal Council is but little in advance of the old Hebdomadal Board. There are even some who mutter, with bated breath, that no good will be done till Heads of Houses are abolished altogether. We must leave such revolutionary notions to fight their way how they can. But it may well be doubted whether the effect of the excessive multiplication of examinations has been altogether for good. No doubt it makes many men work who otherwise would not work. But we suspect that it does harm rather than good to those who would work without it. Nowadays there is nothing going on but examinations. Every man in Oxford, according to his time of life, is either examining or being examined for scholarship, class, prize, or fellowship. We doubt the advantage of this excessive stimulus. Where there are so many rewards of learning, both honorary and substantial, learning is apt to have but few votaries for its own sake. A man gets all he can, and then finds it a profitable trade to screw up others to the same point, instead of going on to build for himself on what, after all, is only a foundation. We fear that experience will bear us out in our suspicion that knowledge is now less commonly followed disinterestedly than it was twenty years back. The University has been long becoming less and less a place of study, and more and more a place of mere education. It is certain that, though new subjects of study have been introduced, yet the circle of classical reading has been gradually narrowing through the century. Polybius has long vanished—Aristophanes has more lately gone after him. It is still more certain that among the great works of learning of the age, though they are still almost always the works of University men,

yet fewer and fewer proceed from the Universities themselves. Our great histories come, not from University professors, but from a schoolmaster, a country clergyman, a London clergyman, a London banker, a Cabinet Minister. Probably the change is unavoidable, and for the general good of the nation it may be desirable. But the position of the University itself is clearly lowered. It will be lowered still more if it is to be definitely understood that the higher officers of the place are to go to those only who have been successful in the lower. If it is irrevocably ruled that popular "coaches" have a better claim to professorships than men who have given their lives to study, and who would sacrifice much by the acceptance of academic office, the divorce between learning and the seats of learning will become still more complete than it is.

SAYING DISAGREEABLE THINGS.

SOME people, not otherwise ill-natured, are apt to season their conversation with disagreeable sayings, unpleasant comments, uncomfortable insinuations. Such a person, we sometimes hear, is a good sort of fellow, but he has a way of saying disagreeable things. Such a woman can be very charming when she pleases, but —. In fact, these people are never spoken of for three consecutive sentences without a qualification. A disagreeable thing is distinguished from an impertinence, which it often closely resembles, by certain marks. In the first place, an impertinence we need not stand, but the other we often must, aware that it is the result of certain conditions of our friend's mind, which, as we cannot hope to alter, we must resign ourselves to. An impertinence may or may not be true—its main design, independent of truth, is, more or less, to insult. It is of the essence of a disagreeable thing that it should be true—true in itself, or true as representing the speaker's state of feeling. And yet an unpalatable truth is not technically a disagreeable thing any more than an impertinence, though, of course, the being told it is an unpleasant operation. It is necessary for us, now and then, to hear unpalatable and unwelcome truths; but a disagreeable thing is never a moral necessity—it is spoken to relieve the speaker's mind, not to profit the hearer. The same utterance may be an impertinence, an unpalatable truth, or a disagreeable thing, according to time and circumstance. For example, in a fit of absence, we perpetrate some solecism in dress or behaviour. It is an unwelcome truth to be told it, while there is yet opportunity for remedy, or partial remedy. It is an impertinence to be informed of it by a stranger, who has no right to concern himself with our affairs. It is a disagreeable thing when—the occasion past—our friend enlightens us about it, simply as a piece of information. We all of us, no doubt, have friends, relations, and acquaintances who think it quite a sufficient reason for saying a thing that it is true. Probably we have ourselves known the state of mind in which we find a certain fact or opinion a burden, a load to be got rid of; and, under the gross mistake that all truth must be spoken, that it is uncandid and dangerous not to deliver a testimony—convinced that truth, like murder, will out, and that our friend, sooner or later, must learn the unacceptable fact—we come to the conclusion that it is best for all parties to get the thing over by being oneself the executioner. We have most of us acted the *enfant terrible* at some time or other. But this crude simplicity of candour, where it is the result of the mere blind intrusive assertion of truth, is a real weight; and the primary law of politeness, never to give unnecessary pain, as soon as it is apprehended, is welcomed as a deliverer. Children and the very young have not experience enough for any but the most limited sympathy, and can only partially compare the feelings of others with their own. Indeed, the idea of the comparison does not occur to them. But there are people who, in this respect, remain children all their days, and very awkward children, too—who burst with a fact as the fool with his secret, and, like the hair-dresser in Leech's caricature, are impelled to tell us that our hair is thin at the top, though nothing whatever is to come of the communication. These, as Sidney Smith says, turn friendship into a system of lawful and unpunishable impertinence, from, so far as we can see, no worse cause than incontinence of fact and opinion—feeling it to be a sufficient and triumphant defence of every perpetration of the sort, that it is true. "Why did you tell Mr. So and So that his sermon was fifty minutes long?" "Because I had looked at my watch." "Why did you remind such a one that he is growing fat and old?" "Because he *is*." "Why repeat that unfavourable criticism?" "I had just read it." "Why disparage this man's particular friends?" "I don't like them." "Why say to that young lady that her dress was unbecoming?" "I really thought so." It is, however, noticeable in persons of this obtrusive candour that they have eyes for blemishes only. They are never impelled to tell pleasant truths—from which, no doubt, we may infer a certain acerbity of temper, though these strictures may be spoken in seeming blunt, honest good humour. Still, they talk in this way from natural obtuseness and inherent defect of sympathy. These are the people who always hit upon the wrong thing to say, and instinctively ferret out sore subjects. They are not the class we have in our thoughts. Indeed, they incapacitate themselves for serious mischief, as their acquaintance give them a wide berth, and take care not to expose their more cherished interests to their tender mercies. It requires some refinement of perception to say the more pungent and penetrating disagreeable things. We must care for the opinion of the regard of a person whose sayings of this sort can keenly annoy us.

A man must have made friends before he can wound them. A real expert in this art is never rude, and can convey a disregard approaching to contempt for another's opinion, hit him in his most vulnerable points, and send him off generally depressed and uncomfortable, without saying a word that can be fairly taken hold of.

Of course the people most distinguished in this way are disappointed people. In the examples that occur to us, we perceive that life has not satisfied them—they do not occupy the place in men's minds which they feel they deserve. But this is no explanation, for the tendency is just as likely to have caused the disappointment as the disappointment the tendency. People who start in life with high, though not wholly ungrounded notions of their own deserts, definite claims, and elaborate self-appreciation, are certain to be in constant collision with their friends, and with society. Their sense of their own rights and merits is perpetually infringed. Their friendship or service entails an obligation which is never duly recognised. The memory becomes loaded with supposed slights. Every part of the man is instinct with grievances, which inevitably exhale in disagreeable things. We hear them in covert insinuations. We read them in rigid smiles. They look out of cold, forbidding eyes. They declare themselves in stiff, repelling courtesies. And the mischief does not end here. There is no habit more catching. Tempers amiable enough when let alone develop under a stimulus. It is not a wholly unpleasant excitement to find ourselves observing all the forms of friendly and kindly intercourse, yet giving as good as we get, or at any rate parrying with spirit. There is only one class of persons in the world—the perfectly humble-minded—who never say disagreeable things.

Nobody acknowledges himself to be an habitual offender in this line. No man will own himself careless of giving pain. When we do become conscious of having thoughtlessly wounded our neighbour's feelings or self-love, it may commonly be traced to the blinding sway of some conviction held in a one-sided, selfish spirit. All strong prepossessions destroy sympathy, and, like absence of mind, induce an exclusive attention to our own objects or wishes. To judge from their biographies, religious professors are exceedingly apt to err in this direction—unless, perhaps, it be that they say disagreeable things more deliberately, and more on principle, than the laity. The young lady who answered her friend's announcement of her approaching marriage by the inquiry, if she had ever remembered that her future husband might die, thought she was preaching a sermon, but was simply saying a disagreeable thing. The occasion called for sympathy, and preaching was an obtrusion of self and its speciality—an unconscious expedient for bringing down her friend from a high position of interest to a level something below her own. The habit of saying disagreeable things belongs impartially to both sexes, but the manner and the motive differ. Our example illustrates the feminine form. There is commonly a touch of jealousy to be traced in a woman's trying or irritating sayings, however remote and far-fetched. However abstract and general the remark may be, an insight into circumstances will probably furnish the clue—will bring some personal and particular cause to light which has held sympathy in abeyance. Men can say disagreeable things without the suggestions of this prompter. They enjoy the pleasure of self-assertion, the gratification of putting a friend in possession of their exact impressions. There is a relish for taking down for its own sake, a vein of hardness and coldbloodedness, which belongs to some very respectable sort of people, impelling them to give a stone instead of bread—to utter flinty "I told you so's," cold moralities, inopportune counsels, and harsh reminders, when the confiding spirit has laid bare its needs, or its penitence, and asked for sympathy. Often the mere knowledge of doing the thing well is motive enough. It is an irresistible temptation to express oneself with point; and in fact, half of all the current good stories are of neatly turned disagreeable things—not sneer or satire, but some cold shivering half-truth, for which nobody is the better. Not that dull men are debarred from the indulgence, but they are clumsy, and slip at every turn into mere insolence or blunder. This is their secret of heavy banter—which is nothing else than harping with stupid persistence on something unpleasant, with no other view than to make their object conscious of exposure, and for the moment smaller than themselves—in contrast with the well-mannered jest which, under whatever disguise of depreciation, puts its subject in better humour with himself than he was before.

In woman, this practice is not so much an exercise of the intellect as of the heart, speaking under some souring, embittering influence. Some are habitually ungracious from the working of vulgar rivalries, or mere grim acidity of nature. These are simply odious; but it is astonishing what things a woman sweet as summer will say, under certain conditions of the affections, to those most important to her, and for whom she cares most; and how seemingly unconscious she is of the tendency of her words, led on by jealous self-assertion and fancied ill-usage. There is a process of comparison peculiar to this mood, and which can express itself only by disagreeable things—by a series of parallels and contrasts in all of which she comes out the ascendant and superior. Perhaps new friends, in all their garish attractions, are contrasted with herself, the old faithful original friend, great in solid worth and refined feeling, or in unshaken fidelity. What chilling doubts, what cruel disapprovement, what ingenuity of misapprehension attend this temper! What reflections on the constancy of her friends, what pity and contempt for their taste, what pathetic regrets, what resignation to the inevitable

fate of a virtue, a spirit, a perception, which there is not steadiness, or wit, or heart to value at their true price! The worst of this strain—the reason why this tone is so disagreeable—is that it hits a blot. It is of the essence of disagreeable things that in some sense or degree they are true. This is why they irritate. For instance, our constancy is never so weak to our own consciousness as when our friends suspect it. We never see their social drawbacks clearer than when we are charged with being influenced by them. New friends are never in higher favour than when old friends upbraid us with them.

The main nursery for the science of disagreeable things is the domestic hearth. Here we do not note those distinctions of sex which strike us in society. Men and women, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters are apt to say very much the same class of disagreeable things to one another, unless good breeding or good temper interpose to prevent familiarity becoming contempt. It is wonderful what moral and refined writers assume to be family habits in this particular, from which we may suppose the practice to be more common than our state of civilization would lead us to hope. Certainly we all know, or have known, families where the strong tyrannize over the weak, and, in cold blood and in apparent good nature, inflict perpetual minute wounds on the self-love of those about them. By this means—like the Antiquary with his womankind—a caustic temper keeps itself civil towards the outer world. A man can sustain his politeness to ladies in general by always calling his sister an old woman, or by constantly reminding her of events she would willingly forget. A woman can be gracious to her acquaintance and over-indulgent to her children by making her husband the vent of her ill humours, and, like Mrs. Glegg, installing herself the constituted check on his pleasures; while some people are agreeable to the whole world, except just those with whom they are connected by ties of blood, to whom they show a wholly different phase of character.

Sensitivity to disagreeable things implies self-mistrust. Only absolutely self-reliant people are impervious to them. We are dependent on others more than we think for even our own good opinion. We think best of ourselves when others share our favourable impressions, and no strength of constancy can prevent our estimate of our friends suffering some faint fluctuations according to the view which others take of them. All people have an idea of their own position towards the world—though "idea" is, perhaps, too definite a term—at any rate, a dim assumption of a certain standing of which they are scarcely aware till it is infringed, and which it is the part of the sayer of disagreeable things to infringe. We are each the centre of our own world, and thus have a place in our own eyes which no one can give us. Something of this half-delusion is indispensable to carry us through our parts creditably, and the laws of politeness, on principle, support this degree of pretension. There is a tacit agreement in society that every individual in it fills his proper place, and that he and his belongings are what they go for—that all our externals fulfil their professions. There is no hypocrisy in assuming this of every one we meet. It is simply not obtruding our private judgment where its expression would be an impertinence. The disagreeable thing jars on this nice adjustment. The speaker has the unjustifiable aim of lowering this fancied elevation, whether moral or social; and he dispels illusions, not, as he supposes, in the interest of truth or any social or moral view, but really for selfish ends. He obeys an unamiable impulse to prove that he is knowing where we are ignorant, wise where we are foolish, strong where we are weak—that he sees into us and through us, and that it is, before all things, important that this should be declared and made evident.

THE APPLICATION OF THE REVISED CODE.

THE time has arrived for Mr. Lowe to try to get his new educational gear into something like working order. Accordingly, a set of instructions to the Inspectors, upon the administration of the Revised Code, has been issued from the Council Office. True to his wonted policy, the Vice-President of the Council cannot explain to his subordinates the way in which the new regulations are to be applied without edging in further alterations at a period when Parliamentary criticism is impossible. As they are not unimportant, we will briefly call attention to them, as well as to the manner in which it is proposed to carry out provisions the substance of which has been already announced.

Before, however, speaking of either, we may say a few words with regard to the position of the certificated masters. We have never been advocates of their supposed claims; on the contrary, it has always appeared to us that no class interest, as theirs confessedly was, should be allowed to obstruct the common good, which the Revised Code aimed at promoting. Their case was a case of hardship, and nothing more. But they found, it will be remembered, support in the House of Commons, and certain concessions were made in their favour. Their augmentation grant was to be withdrawn; but it was stipulated that they should receive as salary not less than three times its amount, and, to secure this minimum, a lien was to be given them on the Government grant. How illusory is the nature of this guarantee will be seen by any one who takes the trouble to study the 34th paragraph of these voluminous instructions. Its operation is so tortuous and complicated, and may give rise to so much doubt and discussion, that, as the *Times* is fain to admit, every prudent manager will, before engaging a teacher, insist on his waiving his claim to the benefit of the article in the Code by which such a lien is given. In other

words, it is confidently anticipated, and by the Council Office itself, that the provision by which a stipulated amount of income is secured to the certificated teacher will be practically ignored, and that the bulk of the engagements to be henceforth contracted with teachers will be entered into as if no such provision existed. This is a singular way of keeping faith with the body of teachers. Mr. Lowe cannot, in decency, deprive them of the concession in their favour wrung from him by a hostile majority; but he takes his revenge by making the machinery by which it is to be carried into effect so intricate and thorny as practically to reduce it to a dead letter.

The office of Assistant-inspector, which has existed only in districts composed of Church of England schools, is to be abolished—a change, in itself, decidedly for the better, though it will probably cost money in the way of increased salaries. But occasion is taken of this small administrative modification to introduce an alteration in the present system of reporting. Hitherto, each Inspector has annually reported to the Committee of Council the state of education in his own district, and, consequently, Parliament has each year had the benefit of a review of popular education in its integrity. Henceforward, reports from certain districts alone will be laid before Parliament—those districts, however, being so grouped as that each volume of Reports shall present a specimen of the state of education in the various classes of the labouring population throughout the country. The “specimen districts” were the snare into which the Education Commissioners fell, and their statistics were seriously vitiated by the adoption of this basis of inquiry. It will be most mischievous if a method of reporting recently discredited in a single instance is allowed to become the rule of the Council-office. The value of the Blue Book annually presented to Parliament consists in its showing in a clear and simple form the state of schools connected with Government over the entire country. It supplies data for a safe, because the widest possible, induction. But the information in its pages will be much less sound and reliable when it reflects the features of education in “specimen” districts only, “grouped” and “arranged” according to the pictorial skill or interest of the Minister, and leaves the state of schools in Sussex to be inferred from that of schools in Norfolk or Lincolnshire. At the present time, too, when a new system is about to be tried, the practical administration of which is entrusted to officers notoriously disaffected to the change, it behoves Parliament to watch its real working very narrowly; and this it will be difficult to do if the inspectors’ reports can be made to receive such a shape as will support the crotchetts or second the wishes of officials in White-hall.

There is, we observe, running through this circular of Mr. Lingens the same absurd distinction on which Mr. Lowe insisted in his speech last February, between the terms “inspection” and “examination.” They are, and always have been, identical. The inspection of a school has always meant the examination of its scholars; and though it suited Mr. Lowe in the spring to misrepresent to the House of Commons the action of his official subordinates, a great deal has since transpired to vindicate them from so unseemly an attack. There is nothing new, we repeat, however the authors of the Revised Code may seek to plume themselves upon it, in the principle of individual examination. All that the new regulations do is to apply it with greater strictness and minuteness. It is worth while to observe the lame attempt made in the 8th paragraph of this circular to answer the unanswerable argument of Mr. Walter and his friends. “It is not contended,” says Mr. Lingens, passing from the didactic to the argumentative, “that there may not be good schools under other agency (than certificated teachers), but it may be reasonably averred that inspection and examination alone do not afford equally good means of knowing such to be the fact.” A more illogical and inconsistent proposition it would be impossible to put in the mouth of those who have just revolutionized the Privy Council system. Over and over again have they asserted that the only sure test of the merit of a school was individual examination. What conceivable grounds are there for the statement that this test, so sovereign in the case of a school under a master of a particular kind, loses its efficacy in the case of a school under a master of another kind? Wherever there is a handful of children under instruction, whoever and whatever the master may be, there it is possible to examine and to grant State aid on the results of that examination. But after having pushed, in the first draught of the Revised Code, the principle of individual examination to the most dangerous extreme, Mr. Lowe suddenly makes the discovery that his much vaunted “arm of precision” is not altogether to be relied on, and that it does not afford “equally good means” of knowing whether a school is in good order or not. “Equally good means” as what? Why, as the superintendence, or, in the odd language of this circular, “the agency” of a certificated teacher! It is a pity that that much-abused body had not the benefit of a little of this official advocacy last February. Had the House of Commons been then told that they constituted a “security of a very solid character” for the efficiency of schools, instead of being warned against continuing to lavish public money on the payment of teachers who were above their work, it might have induced a majority to insist on retaining that system of payments on the faith of which every certificated teacher entered his profession. Examination either is or is not a reliable test of school results. If it is, it is as efficacious in a school under one sort of teacher as it is in a school under another kind. If it is not, why has the Revised Code been introduced? It would be more wise, as well as more ingenuous, if Mr. Lowe, instead of

trying to escape under the cover of vague and unmeaning phrases from the illogical position into which he has drifted, rested his resistance to the demands of the educational free-traders on grounds of economy, and economy alone.

The first point to be observed about the method of examination under the new Code is, that no assistance is to be allowed to the inspectors in conducting it. Single-handed, each is to be left to struggle with an enormous increase of labour. He is to propound the exercises of each “standard,” to examine the work of each child, and then and there to record in writing the results. Mr. Lingens describes the new examination to be conducted with a minuteness and particularity which, in a State paper, is almost ludicrous, and suggests either that the inspectors are little short of idiots or that they possess a very slight share in the confidence of the Council Office. He gravely assumes that the examiner will have before him the piece of dictation he means to set. He takes it for granted that the examinee will produce a pencil and a slate. He enjoins on inspectors the necessity of putting “the right marks against the right names.” They will take care to bring away their papers, instead of dropping them about the school. When they pass a paper, they are to write P upon it. There is a tone of military precision about the whole arrangements which savours of the Horse Guards. Instead of “Shoulder arms,” the inspector is to cry, “Standard 1, stand up through the school.” When this movement has been correctly effected *by the assistance of the teachers* (the national schoolboy cannot rise, it seems, without support), the educational Mac Murdo is to call, not “Stand at ease,” but “Standard 1, sit down, and write on your slates what I dictate.” What between “the cries” that are put by Mr. Lingens in the mouths of the inspecting officer, and the complicated manœuvres of the juvenile troops, an examination under the Revised Code promises to be one of the most exciting spectacles ever witnessed. The misfortune is, that the over-burdened functionaries to whom its whole conduct is entrusted will never be able, unassisted, to secure its integrity. Any one who has examined a school knows well enough that the chief difficulty is to prevent the children from copying. Under the new system, this difficulty will be increased tenfold. To suppose that an inspector seated before a desk in a closely-packed school, with six separate examinations going forward around him, can effectually check this inveterate habit, is to suppose an impossibility. Unless he have as many eyes as Argus, there will be a great risk of the whole examination degenerating into a specious sham, and reflecting very imperfectly the real attainments of the school. On this account, therefore, we should have been glad to learn that the inspector was to have the advantage of some assistance in his onerous labours.

Two reflections will occur to the minds of most who read these instructions, and seek to gather from them the true nature of the examination which they prescribe. The first is wonder that the parent of the Revised Code—a measure so ostentatiously paraded as economic—can endure to leave the office of inspector intact. For a third of the money consumed in inspectors’ salaries the Council Office could get its work quite as efficiently done. It does not require an Oxford or Cambridge training to enable a man to read dictation in a clear voice. Sixty well-picked certificated masters would be, in all probability, a more serviceable staff than that which has hitherto been employed, and would certainly cost the public much less. It is all very fine to talk about the benefit accruing from a practised eye “and a highly educated officer;” but they are, in reality, expensive luxuries which the country can ill afford for the elementary and purely mechanical work which the Revised Code prescribes. Secondly, there can be no doubt that the inspector’s examination will be practically limited to these “standard” exercises. If five or six hours, as Mr. Lingens computes, are taken in examining 150 children in the three elementary branches, very little time can be left for anything else. This seems, indeed, to be tacitly assumed in this circular. “In those schools,” it is observed, “where the inspector’s duty extends to an inquiry into the religious knowledge of the children, this subject affords the best matter whereby to test what general effect their teaching has had upon their minds.” We do not quite see how a knowledge of the history of Moses can be taken as a measure of the knowledge of English geography, nor how, by a few questions on the Church Catechism, an examiner can satisfy himself that a boy knows a noun from a verb. It is easy to say that the features of an inspection are to remain the same as they have ever been; but the indifference with which the inspector is left to exercise his own discretion in testing the general information of a school, presents a significant contrast to the extreme particularity with which the examination of reading, writing, and ciphering is set forth. It is evident that the whole stress is to be laid on the latter; and it is no less obvious that, with their time and hands so fully occupied, the inspectors must confine themselves to this.

There is one paragraph of this document which we read with much satisfaction. No grant is to be allowed for any child not belonging to the class which lives by manual labour. The independent grocer and Methodist farmer who have hitherto educated their sons in a great measure at the public expense, will, if this distinction can be insisted on, be permitted to do so no longer. We are rather sceptical, however, as to the possibility of enforcing this condition that a child shall belong to the class for whose education the Parliamentary grant is voted. It is just one of the points upon which the Council Office will henceforth lie at the mercy of school managers. It will, at all events, become

necessary to define with more precision the meaning of "the class living by manual labour." Does it, for instance, include that large class of petty tradesmen that abounds in country towns, and sends its children to the British or National School? Does a member of the police or coastguard force live by "manual labour?" A railway porter certainly does; but does the clerk who issues the tickets, and the station-master himself, who, on many of the small branch lines, does not receive more wages than a skilled artisan? We suspect that the local manager, himself often a tradesman or farmer, will put so liberal an interpretation on the phrase in question as to deprive this article of the Revised Code of much of its restricting force.

There is nothing new in the passages of this circular which relate to Night Schools. Its language, however, only confirms our belief that it is in its legislation for night schools that the Revised Code will soonest break down. The incorporation of day and night schools may gratify Mr. Lowe's thirst for symmetry; but it shows an utter misapprehension of the true purpose of the latter of those institutions. The sketch which Mr. Lingem draws of the night school of the future presents as pretty a picture of chaos as can well be imagined. There will be the pupil-teachers receiving their instruction from the master, "scholars who are fit for more advanced instruction" avail themselves of the third meeting of the school to dip into French or Latin; and lastly, those who alone ought to be there as scholars—youths whose education has been neglected or prematurely interrupted by labour. We are inclined to think that it is the second of these three groups which will derive most benefit from the evening meeting. Already experience has proved that it is rarely that a school is opened for evening instruction without considerable risk of impairing the efficiency of the day school. Without a strong teaching staff, it is simple folly to make the attempt. The experiment will become doubly dangerous when the effect of the Revised Code has been to reduce the teaching power in almost every school in the kingdom.

THE SOCIAL AND SALON LIFE OF PARIS IN 1862.

THE luckless editor of a French newspaper has recently received a warning for venturing to doubt whether the *Coup d'Etat* of December was a patriotic and noble-minded measure, to be held up for admiration or imitation to posterity. Frenchmen are still expected to regard their Emperor as the Saviour of Society, and to speak, moreover, with corresponding respect of those who, like MM. de Morny, Persigny, Fould, Fleury, Espinasse, and others of the same class, co-operated in the good work. Providence sometimes works with strange instruments, and this is precisely one of those propositions which it is extremely difficult to disprove. "Your sheer no-meaning puzzles more than sense;" and there are statements the temporary triumph of which is secured by their audacity. But if we may not deny that the *Coup d'Etat* has saved, we may be permitted to ask whether it has improved society—whether it has or has not been found necessary to make a slight sacrifice of manners and morals, as well as of law, justice, and constitutional freedom, in the cause.

The party against which the *Coup d'Etat* was principally directed was called, half in earnest and half in mockery, the great Party of Order. It was essentially monarchical, being mainly composed of Orleanists and Legitimists, who were content to accept the Republic. Amongst its leaders were Molé, Guizot, Thiers, Odillon-Barrot, Dupin, Remusat, Berrier, Tocqueville, and the Duc de Broglie; and it comprised almost all the cotemporary celebrities of France—the statesmen, generals, orators, and authors whose reputation was European, and whose names it was perfectly ridiculous to associate with Socialism or Red Republicanism. In fact, had the enemies of order really risen against the constituted state of things, this very party would have been the firmest supporters of the Chief Magistrate, as they were when the abortive attempts of the insurrectionists of June 1848 were put down by Cavaignac after four days' hard fighting in the streets. It sounds, therefore, paradoxical at least to say that the suppression of this party was essential to the preservation of society—and not only its suppression, but the arrest and incarceration of all its influential members, to the tune of about 240 ex-Presidents of Council, ex-Cabinet Ministers, ex-Ambassadors, and actual Generals and Deputies. Such a collection of prisoners was probably never witnessed before as was then buried off in common police-vans to prisons like the Milbank Penitentiary; but what we have to do with for the moment is simply the effect of this startling proceeding upon social intercourse.

That such an outrage could ever be forgiven or forgotten by the sufferers, was morally impossible. They would have been wanting in self-respect, they would even have virtually acknowledged the propriety of their treatment, had they submitted to any sort of compromise with its perpetrators. With rare exceptions, they have kept proudly and indignantly aloof from all communion with the Imperialists, whose circles are consequently destitute of everything that gives grace, brilliancy, and genuine attractiveness to a *salon*. At their most imposing receptions, name after name is announced without recalling one historic association or exciting one thrill of interest. The curious stranger has no occasion to lean forward to see the famous poet, the great painter, the renowned historian, or the distinguished orator. The names and titles are new; the bearers of them look conscious of the fact; and the female portion of the company seem to rest their claims to distinction on their toilette, which is of a far more showy and

expensive description than would have been deemed in good taste in the olden time. If we look below the surface, and inquire how these *décorés* gentlemen and *décolletées* ladies amuse themselves in their lighter hours, there is little reassuring or satisfactory in the result. Intellectual pleasures have little or no relish for persons of either sex who have suddenly attained or been flung into a position above their original education or their hopes. They have neither the acquirements, the habits, nor the repose of mind, requisite for the enjoyment of good conversation or (to use the aptest and untranslatable word) *causerie*. They delight in fine apartments, fine furniture, fine equipages, and fine clothes. They estimate an entertainment by its cost, and they delight in costumed hunting parties, masquerade or fancy-dress balls, private theatricals, games of romps and *petits jeux* (which may or may not be) *innocents*. The grand object with the ladies is to outshine their rivals in dress; and the cost of an eight days' visit to Fontainebleau or Compiegne would exhaust the entire year's pin-money of many an Englishwoman of rank. We are not prepared to say that their general bearing is open to graver objection than its want of refinement, though a startling example or two in high places will readily occur. We do not impeach their morals. All we wish to observe is, that a cultivated foreigner coming to Paris for the first time, with expectations based on traditional descriptions of its *salons*, will leave the best-known and most frequented with a marked sense of disappointment.

With regard to the men of the *Coup d'Etat*, they would not be true to their antecedents if they were liable to no greater reproach than the want of cultivation, accomplishment, or gentlemanlike address, and we see no reason why we should not speak the plain truth concerning them. There is only one of the chief actors who has not been openly accused of dabbling discreditably in the public securities or other speculations of the Bourse; and, if often and confidently repeated rumours may be credited, the Emperor has more than once been obliged to advance large sums to save the participants in his grand exploit—which we are forbidden to call conspiracy—from exposure and disgrace. When it was loudly and ostentatiously announced that justice should take its course in the Mires affair, we felt sure that the *Juges d'Instruction* had received their cue, and that no compromising revelations were to be anticipated. There is a current anecdote to the effect that on one occasion his Imperial Majesty missed a bank-note for a large amount, which he had left on the chimney-piece. He sent for the head of the police, who simply asked who had been in the room during the Emperor's absence, and, on being told only a deceased marshal and another Grand Cordon, declared that no further inquiry need be instituted. What sort of companionship can exist in circles of which personages liable to such suspicions are the notabilities?

The question naturally arises whether no *salons* are open amongst the nobles, statesmen, and men of letters who refuse to pay their court to the present occupants of place and power—whether no spark or ember of French conversation has been kept alive? Some houses might certainly be named in which, on given days, a limited and very select circle are wont to congregate; and in these may still be found a sample of that Parisian intercourse the recollection of which induced Madame de Staél to prefer the *ruisseau* of the *Rue du Bac* to the most romantic cascade in Switzerland. But for a long time they met in fear and trembling; and, although the system of espionage is no longer so rigidly or offensively practised, there is still enough of it to check the free expression of opinion, and throw material obstacles in the way of introductions and presentations. To bring a friend is to incur a serious responsibility, when an indiscretion might lay your host under the direct surveillance of the police. Even in these circles, rich in all the richest elements of mind, the tone is too anxious, and too much influenced by the political position of the parties, for the natural flow of thought, or for the perfect absence of restraint which is essential to easy and animated talk. It is also a melancholy fact that the brightest intellect deteriorates, and the finest judgment loses somewhat of its accuracy, when long excluded from the open arena of discussion, and condemned by restrictions on the press to an incomplete knowledge, not merely of cotemporary opinions, but of facts. Again and again have we been lost in astonishment at the extent to which the views and Continental relations of England are misunderstood by men who once shone in the first ranks of debate or diplomacy; and we have refrained, from conviction of the utility of the attempt, from setting them right when they asserted or assumed that our Italian policy was purely selfish, being exclusively based on the desire to raise up a powerful rival to France. From analogous causes, the people at large are rapidly losing, if they have not already lost, the small capacity for self-government which they had acquired under a succession of representative governments. If the existing *régime* lasts many years, they will retrograde to the point of political education at which they stood in 1815. It is a bad prospect for the French nation; it is a bad prospect for their neighbours; but it is one of the numerous boons for which the civilized world will stand indebted to the Saviour of Society.

THE SOUTH AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

SINCE the oft-repeated threat of secession was carried into practical effect by South Carolina, the Northern press and the English journals which have devoted themselves to the Northern cause have teemed with the most extravagant and extraordinary

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misstatements concerning the South—its character, its condition, and its intentions. Not only organs without authority and writers without credit, but journals which had a character to lose, and men whose sense and honesty no one would dare to question, have repeated and persevered in assertions which are not merely unfounded in fact, but bear the stamp of absurdity on their very face. Even a writer usually so calm and truthful as Mr. J. S. Mill has not been ashamed to speak of the Confederates in a tone of violent and angry vituperation, and to reiterate the wildest calumnies invented by the least credible of the Northern Abolitionists. But of all slanders on the South, none has obtained more general credit, or done more mischief, than the assertion that the seceding States entertain, and that Secession was partly prompted by, an intention to reopen the African Slave-trade. Those who can believe such a charge must strangely misread American history, and still more strangely misconceive the social and economical condition of the Slave States. South Carolina, the leader in the Secession, the centre and focus of pro-slavery feeling, has repeatedly prohibited the traffic. She forbade it in 1760; and her colonial Government received on that account a severe rebuke from the English Secretary of State, by whom the prohibition was overruled. This act of the colonial Legislature was only the strongest of a series of measures passed to restrict and discourage the importation of slaves. In 1764 a duty of 100/- per head was imposed on such importations—amounting of course to a virtual prohibition. After the Revolution, the State Legislature forbade the importation of slaves from Africa, and restricted such importations from other parts of the Union; and this legislation was maintained until 1803, when the illicit trade carried on through neighbouring States induced South Carolina to reopen her ports to the detestable traffic. In 1808 the constitutional prohibition which precluded Congress from abolishing the trade expired; and the importation of slaves was forbidden at once by the Federal law and by the State Legislatures of the South. Since that time the slave trade has flourished under the protection of the Stars and Stripes; but the slavers have been owned by Northern capitalists, manned by Northern crews, commanded by Northern captains, and fitted out in Northern ports. Cuba and Brazil have received their human cargoes—not one hundred Africans having, since 1808, been landed on the Southern coast. The South has had no part in the matter; and her present leaders have always been the steadfast opponents of the traffic. President Davis, as Senator from Mississippi in the United States Congress, protested against it in the name of his State; and not one of the men now holding office or high position in the South has had any part in any agitation for its revival. The Constitution of the United States empowered Congress, after the lapse of twenty years, to prohibit the slave trade; but that inaugurated at Montgomery prohibited it at once and for ever, by an express clause to that effect, which Congress has no power to repeal. Not only, therefore, has the South at present forbidden the traffic, but she has done so in a manner which would legally almost preclude her from reopening it, and which would oppose the greatest difficulties in the way of such a measure, even if a party favourable to it should ever come into power. It is absurd to say that a step like this has been taken merely to conciliate European opinion. Europeans make little distinction between a clause in the Constitution and an Act of Congress. It is simply dishonest to pretend, in the face of such evidence, that the South contemplates, now or hereafter, the revival of the traffic which she has so peremptorily and irrevocably abolished. Common fairness should impel the most bitter enemies of the Confederate States to admit that, for whatever reason, the dominant party in the Slave States desires, by every means in its power, to render the future reopening of the African slave trade impossible.

There is nothing which need surprise us, either in the present tone of public opinion in the South with reference to the slave trade, or in the resolution of the Confederate statesmen to give effect to that opinion by a clause in the Constitution rather than by a mere act of the Confederate Legislature. The Constitution cannot be modified at once in accordance with a change in the current of popular feeling. The North might to-morrow reopen the slave trade, if it would, by the vote of a bare majority of both Houses of Congress; but a tedious and difficult process, which would require the assent of an overwhelming popular majority, would be required for the same purpose in the South. The object of embodying such a prohibition in the Constitution was evidently to discourage, and, as far as possible, to prevent any popular agitation for its repeal. There is, and always has been, in the Slave States a party, more or less numerous, which desires to cheapen slave labour by means of the importation of African negroes. Every farmer who has saved a little capital desires to buy slaves and plant cotton or sugar. But slaves have borne so high a price of late years that this has been almost impossible. Year by year, the price of negroes has risen; year by year, therefore, it has become more and more difficult for any but men who have inherited large fortunes, or made them in trade, to become possessed of the most valuable kind of property, or to work their way in the most profitable and most honoured occupations in the country. Negroes are becoming a monopoly in the South, in much the same sense in which land is said to be a monopoly in England. It is a very rare thing here for a man born poor to work his way to the possession of a great estate; but people are used to this as the normal condition of an old country. Many occupations far more profitable than agriculture are open to

them; and there is little disposition to grudge the landowners an advantage which they have enjoyed for generations. It is a very difficult thing in the Slave States for a poor man to become a great planter. But in that new country this difficulty excites discontent and murmurs. It is a difficulty of recent growth, and, moreover, it is to some extent felt as a real and practical grievance. Planting is not only the most aristocratic, but also the most lucrative occupation open to a Southerner. And in a new country men do not easily acquiesce in their exclusion from such a career, however it may arise. Hence, among the non-slaveholding class, the high price of negroes—a price which is to some extent, like that of land in England, enhanced by the artificial value derived from tradition and social usage—provokes complaint. Men not yet old remember that in their fathers' time slaves were cheap. The South combined the advantages both of new and of old countries—had both cheap land and cheap labour, elements of prosperity seldom if ever elsewhere united; and, in consequence, men of skill and energy grew rapidly and easily rich. Those were the days in which were laid the foundations of the hereditary fortunes of the present social aristocracy of the South. And the men who envy those fortunes see their way to rival them, if only negro labour cost as little now as it was wont to cost—that is, if the slave trade were reopened. It is from this class—from the farmers who are struggling to be planters, and those of other classes who cherish a like ambition, and are repressed by the same difficulty, the high price of labour—that there arises the only voice ever raised in the South favourable to the revival of that trade.

The labouring white population of the South would not, of course, gain by such a measure. At present, slave and free labour do not come into competition, the former being too scarce and too dear to be employed in any occupations but those in which it can be employed to the best advantage—that is to say, in actually producing the staple crops of the country. If slave labour were to become very cheap and very plentiful, it would probably invade many of the occupations hitherto monopolized by white free men. These occupations would gradually sink into disrepute, as is always the case in a Slave State with employments reputed servile; the white man's field of labour would be diminished, and his earnings lessened by servile competition. There would be more slaveowners; but the condition of non-slaveholding freemen would be much worse than it is at present. The interest, therefore, of those white labourers whose means or occupation would preclude them in any case from becoming slaveholders on a considerable scale, is opposed to the importation of African negroes.

The interest and feeling of the planters are opposed to it; and the planters are, in fact though not in theory, the ruling class of the South. Though universal suffrage, or something very like it, exists in most, if not all of the States, and though—contrary to the idea entertained by some who ought to be better informed—the richest planter is exactly on a level at the polling-booth with the poorest farmer, or with his own overseer, yet practically the political affairs of the country are in the hands of the only class which possesses at once all the three great elements of political power—wealth, leisure, and education. The conditions of its existence, and the nature of its occupations, alike render this class vehemently hostile to the renewal of the slave trade. A planter measures his riches, not by the extent of his acres, nor by the dollars which his property would fetch, but by the number of his slaves. Land is not dear; of other property he has not much; his negroes are his chief wealth. Their present price is, on an average, at least \$1,000 per adult male; and a man who owns 200 negroes is a rich man. But, on the morrow of the day on which the first cargo of Africans should be landed at Charleston or Mobile, his negroes, though still more valuable than the untrained imports, would not be worth more than \$500 per head. One half of his wealth would have been swept away by a single stroke of the lawgiver's pen. Thus the planter has a strong, obvious, and direct pecuniary interest in resisting any proposal to reopen the African slave trade. Another and more honourable motive confirms him in his resistance. The discipline of a well-managed plantation is now seldom severe, and never savage. Brutal cruelty is felt to be wholly unnecessary in dealing with the domestic, Christianized, half-civilized negro of the present day. It would be condemned, not only as wrong, but dangerous—as exciting discontent, and imperilling the relations of mutual kindness which ought to subsist in theory, and do very often subsist in practice, between the slaves and their owners. But if a horde of heathens and savages, unused to regular labour and white control, were introduced into the country, a very different method of treatment must be adopted. Severities disused for many generations, as bad as any that ever were charged against our West Indian colonists, and not much less horrible than those invented by the fertile imaginations of anti-slavery preachers and novelists, would become requisite; the planter would be brutalized by the necessity of inflicting brutal punishments; the American-born negroes, demoralized by the presence among them of savages fresh from Africa, would be driven to frenzy by the cruelties necessary to keep those savages in order; and the institution of slavery would become an abomination which a humane and civilized people could not tolerate in their midst.

Of the horrible accessories of the traffic—of the enormities which it occasions in Africa, the wars and forays undertaken to procure captives for sale, and the atrocities of the middle passage—

nearly all men of education and refinement in the South think and speak much as we do. Even the internal slave-trade has always been regarded with disfavour, and the slave-dealer is looked upon with a dislike somewhat stronger than the contempt which we entertain for a usurer, and somewhat less keen than the abhorrence inspired by the hangman. But apart from all sentiments of humanity, besides all questions of class interest, there is one consideration which powerfully affects the feelings of intelligent Southerners on this subject. They do not desire that the South shall become a country of negroes. As it is, the increase of the subject race is more rapid than that of their masters; and if, in addition, negroes were imported from Africa, while no white immigration is likely to take place from any quarter, there would be not a little danger that, before half a century had elapsed, the slaves would greatly outnumber the free men. This is a consummation which we believe every Southern statesman would deprecate. Already, in Mississippi and in South Carolina, there are more negroes than whites; and the extension of this condition to the rest of the Confederacy would be viewed with anything but satisfaction, even by those who are most wedded to the institution of slavery, and have most confidence in the loyalty of the negro race. It is, therefore, hardly more probable that the Confederate States should ever attempt to re-open the Slave-trade than that, if they should attempt it, they would be able to carry out their design in defiance of the disgust and reprobation of Europe, and the strenuous resistance of England.

COMPLIMENTS.

IT is very much to be wished, for the benefit of bashful men, that society would come to some general agreement upon the subject of compliments. At present, the whole social law upon the subject is in a state of confusion which is a mere pitfall for the unwary. There are some occasions when a compliment is very little less than an insult; and there are others when it is scarcely less insulting to omit the compliment; and the distinction in principle between the two sets of occasions is not very obvious. To compliment a young lady upon her dress is a rude familiarity. A panegyric upon her beauty is only tolerated if she belongs to the emancipated sisterhood of "fast girls," and is apt to be resented even then if there are many listeners to overhear it. But seat her at a pianoforte, and everything is changed. Compliments cease to be rude on one side or repulsive on the other. The man who would stand at a pianoforte listening to a song, and omit at the end of it to ejaculate "Beautiful!" would be condemned by every right-thinking mind as unworthy the name of a man and of a Briton. Compliments on such occasions are not simply permissible, but they are exacted with rigour as an item of the ordinary tribute of civility which man owes to woman. You might as well let a lady stand for want of a chair while you were sitting down, as allow the music to languish for want of a plentiful supply of eulogy. And the young lady who would blush and bridle if she was told she was pretty submits with smiling impassibility to the most fulsome flattery on the subject of her singing. In fact, if the song did not close amid a chorus of admiration, every one would feel that there was an awkward silence. People would force conversation fitfully and uneasily, as if somebody had uttered a startling impropriety; and the performer would be perfectly justified in flouncing away from the pianoforte, and passing the rest of the evening in the dumps. The idea appears to be that a public performance is incompatible with retiring modesty. It is a proclamation that the young lady is not satisfied to remain unnoticed in the throng, but wishes to attract a special share of general attention to herself; and it naturally follows that she desires some assurance that her efforts have not been in vain. The world is too good-natured to refuse compliments to any one who professedly caters for them; and, fortunately, there are people who derive a positive pleasure from the act of flattering others. Their souls are a living well of butter, and a little of it escapes upon every passer-by. Probably they began the practice from calculation, to secure as many friends as possible at a cheap cost; but the habit soon grows upon them, and clings to them long after the hope of getting on in the world has lost its power. They are very disagreeable people to meet in society, upon ordinary occasions, for they are always putting somebody out of countenance; but their real mission in the world is to attend at musical parties. They should be jammed in between the pianoforte and the wall, and left there. So placed, they are in a position to perform services which, in their absence, it would be impossible to supply; for complimenting does not come by nature, and the master of the house who should try it for the first time, in ignorance of the difficulties of the attempt, and without proper preparation, is very liable to come to an unseemly halt in the very middle of his pretty speech.

In the case of men, the same distinction between public compliments and private compliments is still more strikingly observed. In private society, Englishmen are very free from the vice of courtiership. A man who tries to recommend himself by saying fulsome things is very soon marked, and shunned accordingly; or, at best, he sinks into the position of toady *en tire* to some very empty-headed grande. In private life, compliments are discreditable to the utterer, and odious to the receiver. But the moment a man appears in public, all this decent reserve is thrown aside. To those who are not trained to the work there can be few positions more humiliating than that of

presiding at a public dinner or public meeting. Most men would turn red all over before they could hear said of themselves, or say to another, the flatteries which are a matter of course when the chairman's health is drunk, or when thanks are returned to him for his able conduct in the chair. But the speakers and listeners appear to take it very quietly, and to go through the form with profound satisfaction to themselves. It is in the case of a religious meeting that this cynical insensibility strikes a spectator the most forcibly; because the reverend divine who moves that the thanks of the meeting be returned to the noble earl for his able conduct in the chair invariably takes the opportunity of preaching an edifying sermon upon his patrician text. The theological vocabulary has more range and elasticity, for the purpose both of eulogy and invective, than any other. A prayer is a more effective vehicle, both of flattery and of detraction, than any other species of composition. Even in public speaking, there are limits to the frankness with which you may detail the public and private virtues of a man who is sitting next to you; but if your catalogue takes the form of a thanksgiving to the Supreme Being for the blessings he has vouchsafed to his people by endowing with rank and fame a vessel of so much piety, wisdom, zeal, &c. &c., you may venture upon a very considerable amount of unctuous hyperbole without palliing on the taste of your audience. Meanwhile, the noble earl undergoes the oleaginous application with a modest smile, and, when it is over, with a few friendly counter-compliments, and a pious ascription, accepts the fact of his own canonization.

Perhaps the strongest exemplification of the ease with which modest susceptibilities can be laid aside on public occasions is to be found in the excursions which great personages occasionally make into the provinces for the purpose of being buttered. In these expeditions, catering for flattery is perpetrated in its rudest and most unblushing form. The last rag of a decorous pretext is stripped off. The chairman of a religious meeting is performing an ostensible duty; and the compliments he picks up in the course of it have the appearance of coming accidentally, and are not part of the day's programme. But when, announcing his intended progress for weeks beforehand, a Minister stars it in the provinces, attending dinners in his own honour, receiving addresses, and stamping it to admiring mobs on steamers and river banks, he asks for flattery as distinctly as the demand can be expressed. If Mr. Gladstone, for instance, had put an advertisement into the Durham and Northumberland newspapers, inviting tenders for a supply of adulation, to be used as an emollient application for a statesman afflicted with an attack of deficits and a chronic coidition of unpopularity, he could not have asked for it with less shamefacedness than he has displayed in his recent Northern tour. There was no covering object—no collateral aim. If he did not go to be praised, he went for nothing at all. He did not even open an institution, or lay a first stone, or advocate a philanthropic scheme. He thirsted for popular flattery, having during the last two or three years kept an involuntary fast from that species of self-indulgence; and he went where he knew that his thirst could be slaked. He has thrown our finances into disorder, and loaded us all with a most unpleasant Income-tax, for the sake of making presents out of the Exchequer to the Northern manufacturers; and he knew that, if gratitude had not left the earth, he should find it there. To do them justice, they were not wanting to their expected part. They were too good men of business to be unwilling to pay in soft words for solid pudding. There is something bordering on the grotesque in the indiscriminate eagerness with which they seized any topic that could be pressed into the service of the required panegyric. The enthusiastic admiration which Middlesborough and Gateshead expressed for Mr. Gladstone's classical accomplishments testified to the difficulties of the task they had set themselves rather than to anything else. The corporation of Gateshead, in their sudden zeal for learning, even discovered that it was owing to his classical attainments that Mr. Gladstone was so "distinguished a member of the Government of the country." The usual appendage to all expressions of thanks—gratitude for favours to be conferred—was not wanting in the present instance. One of the Corporations took advantage of the opportunity to suggest that its own port would furnish an admirable situation for a dockyard, if Mr. Gladstone should feel inclined to build a new one; and another hinted that it was expected of him that he would not relax in his efforts till every vestige of indirect taxation had been removed. But it was all done very heartily, with as copious a flow of fulsome adjectives as the combined intellect of the municipalities could produce. This species of rhetoric did not embarrass Mr. Gladstone, because it was the thing which he had travelled so far north to elicit; and he repaid it with an abundance which showed how gratefully it soothed his feelings. To most people so greasy a dish would have been nauseous. The appetite for adulation must have become very morbid before it could prompt a man to stoop to the humiliation of swallowing the coarsest forms of it so greedily.

RIOTS AND RELIGION IN HYDE PARK.

JUPITER PLUVIUS and Sir Richard Mayne may divide between them the credit that the public peace was not broken in Hyde Park last Sunday. It is something that the traditional success of rioting—in London at least—has been interrupted by whatever means, but it may be too much to expect that, if to-morrow is a fine day, some attempts will not be

made to revive the stupid outbreaks which disgraced the metropolis a fortnight ago. That the riots are so perfectly causeless and unreasonable forms the strongest ground for the expectation that they will not be subdued by a single effort. Like a popular tune, with just as much meaning as "The Cure" or "The Strand," the name of Garibaldi has possessed itself of the general mind; and a foolish epidemic of this sort is not amenable either to reason or law. It signifies very little whether Sir George Bowyer is or is not right in his chronology of the offence given and taken; for it requires but a very small cause to set people together by the ears whose interests, race, and religion predispose them to quarrel. There has always been a latent jealousy between the London *ouvrier* and the Irish denizens. The Celtic population hordes together, and it is rather remarkable that faction fights have hitherto been confined to the Irish *quartiers*, and that the Munster and Ulster men have kept their rows to themselves. At present, from whatever cause, there seems to be, not only in London, but elsewhere—owing somewhat perhaps to hints and promptings from higher quarters—a generally uneasy feeling on the part of the Irish. It looks as if there were something of combination, when in Birkenhead as well as in Saffron Hill, in Lancashire equally with Hyde Park, the Pope's name and cause are used as something of a *cri de guerre*. And when a stone of this sort is once in full swing, it is not very easily stopped; and it is to be hoped that authority will not content itself with considering that all is safe, because Sir Richard Mayne has issued his rescript against certain meetings in Hyde Park.

Certain meetings, we say; for, taking the text of the edict issued by the *Chef du Service*, as he would be termed in Paris, it seems to be very premature to conclude that all speeches, lectures, preachings, and meetings in Hyde Park are prohibited by the authorities. Indeed the form of prohibition strikes us as being either in excess or deficiency. It either forbids too much or too little. We cannot quite understand the source and authority of the prohibition. Either the Ranger of the Park or the Commissioner of Works is entrusted with the custody of the Park, and from him should have issued the special directions of what should or should not be done in the Park. With the Commissioners of Police, under the Home Office, rests the duty of preserving the peace, and Sir Richard Mayne is concerned, not with moral, but only with material interests. Crowds, not the causes of crowds, are under the cognizance of the police. With the Home Secretary, if with anybody, rests the duty of pronouncing what sort of meeting is, by its subject matter, likely to endanger the public safety. But Sir Richard Mayne seems to have undertaken the duties of the Ranger, the Board of Works, and the Home Office all at once, and to have administered none of them successfully. As we read his proclamation, it does not forbid all meetings and speeches, but only such meetings as are held "for the purpose of delivering and hearing speeches, and for the public discussion of popular and exciting topics." If any speaker or preacher chooses to say that his oration or assembly is not connected with any popular and exciting topic, is he to be permitted to speak? Or is the chief police officer to be the judge of what is or is not popular and exciting?

The fact seems to be that the authorities were afraid to prohibit Sunday preachings, *eo nomine*; but, unless they do so distinctly and decisively, we shall always be open to the recurrence of these Sunday riots. The Hyde Park politics grew gradually out of the Hyde Park sermons; just as the Birkenhead riots are to be traced to controversial discussions; and out of sermons, if they are to be allowed gradually to grow up again, controversial politics are certain to spring. Mr. Hibbs' homilies are a case in point. From the doctrine of conversion he always slipped on to the Poor Laws and their abuses. From preaching on the Poor Law it is an easy transition to Communistic doctrines; and in lectures for or against Communism and Socialism we are at once let in for a whole flood of political excitement. It is, perhaps, hopeless to argue the question; but it seems a fitting opportunity for a word or two with those well-intentioned persons who think that the interests of religion are served by park preaching and street preaching, and by thrusting religion into people's hands on all public occasions and in all public places. And if, as we trust, but are hardly ready to admit, it is really intended to prevent all preaching in the parks, we may as well say why we doubt, even in the interests of religion, as to the policy of a good deal of the popular modes of bringing spiritual things before "the masses" which are now in fashion.

A letter under the heading "Spiritual Touting" was inserted in the *Times* not long ago. It called attention to a state of things which has advanced to the rank of a social evil. A foreigner, or one who was apparently a foreigner, was accosted in the Exhibition by a shabbily dressed person, who immediately thrust into poor monsieur's hands a packet of cards containing spiritual advice, or what was meant for spiritual advice. Texts of Scripture, the shabbily dressed person says they were; but we all know with what significance texts may be selected. This scattering broadcast of ghostly counsel in parks, and streets, and public places is becoming a serious nuisance; and in the interests of religion it may be fairly questioned whether religion itself does not suffer by it. There certainly is a duty recognised and enforced by the sacred Author of Christianity not to cast pearls before swine; and it was a prophetic anticipation of His mission, that He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. We are not saying that all this is to be construed to the letter; but undoubtedly it points to some great principle of religion. And religion, if good for anything, recognises the facts of human nature. Among those prin-

ples is that of reverence and reserve. Undoubtedly there is the opposite duty and a parallel principle. It is the mission of the Gospel and of all truth to proclaim itself to those who most want it. The call is, we are well aware, both to those who hear and to those who forbear. But it is for religion to combine the two duties—not so to preach truth as to confine its message to ecclesiastic disciples—not so to deal with the world and sinners in its aggressive aspect as to bring its own sacred truths into contempt. No thinking person can doubt that the park preachers and tract distributors of the day at least seriously exaggerate one side of Christian duty. There is such a thing as Christian prudence; and in estimating its limits and obligations lies one of the very hardest and most delicate problems that can exercise not only the religious sense but moral wisdom. In common life, and in matters of mere worldly policy and home affairs, to give advice judiciously—to know when to give it, how to give it, to whom to give it, and what to give—is no such easy matter. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest men, after balancing probabilities, will decline to interfere. In one sense, the easiest of all things is to give advice, and first-rate advice; but such are the varieties of temper, such are the innumerable contingent consequences, such the drawbacks and hindrances to being useful, that to be silent is often the safest rule, even for the sake of the advised. "On the whole, I shall do more harm than good," is the conclusion of all but the gushing and the sentimental. What is wanted in ordinary intercourse is tact to insinuate advice—to hint, to be indirect, politic, managing. Philosophers call this prudence; and they place prudence as the very highest attainment and gift of wisdom. Now, religion is founded on this scheme of human nature. "He knew what was in man;" and, therefore, Christianity is suited to human nature because it is grounded on the facts of human nature.

All this is a mere truism; but it is just what tract distributors and park and street preachers forget. The most difficult task in the world is attempted with the coarsest tools. Zeal for souls, as it is called, is thought to be the only qualification for an Evangelist in London. The man who gives cards in the Exhibition and writes to the *Times*, makes no doubt of his mission and his capabilities. Bad English and coarse pungent appeals made without discrimination are said to be the Gospel. Thoughtful preachers often say that sermons to what are called mixed congregations are the hardest things in the world to write, because, if they hit one, they miss two; or, if they do good to one hearer, the appeal is just as likely to do harm to two or three others; and in very many cases a preacher is dull simply because he is a thoughtful, careful, wise, and prudent man. What is true of sermons addressed to people who, within certain limits, all have some respect for religion, is doubly and trebly true of appeals, whether in the shape of tracts or street sermons, to the mere herd, of whom the chances are that no two in a hundred are in the same religious or irreligious state, or are of the same age, sex, habits, education, temper, and manner of life. The tract distributors and out-of-door Evangelists cut this knot. They boldly assume that everybody they meet is a reprobate. In a case mentioned by the letter writer in the *Times*, the tract scatterer seems to have assumed that the ladies whom he was addressing needed warnings on breaches of chastity. Now, if this is so, it is simply outrageous; and the Commissioners of the Exhibition will be wanting in duty if they do not protect us and our wives and daughters, as well as our female visitors, from the cruel insults of the impudent Pharisees who thrust these vile placards into the hands of the visitors to the Exhibition. We all know what an offence it is to have cards of another kind forced upon us in public abroad. The present affront, though offered in the name of religion in England, is scarcely less. And, unfortunately, there is no place or time free from these intrusions. In omnibus and steamboat, in the street, and in the park, in public and in private nobody is safe. One well-meaning but most injudicious person makes it a rule to send a tract to everybody who, from the newspaper obituary, is found to have lost a relative. Another takes all the young married people under his care, and introduces his ounce of spiritual verjuice into the honeymoon. Some foolish women spend their lives in haunting railway stations and dropping appeals into the excursion trains. Some persecute all the newsboys, some all the omnibus conductors, some all the shoeblocks, some the soldiers, some those who are palpably going to church on Sunday, some, with more justice, those who are palpably not going. Some take to the soiled doves, and some to the roughs of society.

But the food offered to these varieties of the spiritual mind is terribly monotonous. There is a pervading sulphurous odour about every appeal. You are a lost soul. You are a desperate sinner. You are a black wicked reprobate. Now this is not pleasant to be told. It is not true in nine cases out of ten; and in the tenth the assurance only exasperates. The last preacher that we heard—he was a street preacher, not a park preacher, and he was preaching on a week-day before twelve o'clock at noon, and at the corner of the Portland Road, surrounded by a hundred people—was descanting on a savoury theme, known, we believe, as the Calvinistic doctrine that Christ died only for the elect. Livid with rage, of course spiritual rage, and pale with passion—passionate zeal, doubtless, for what he thought the truth—he thundered out this choice doctrine, "Christ did not shed his dear blood for the devil's goats." On this precious theme he enlarged, and of course he applied it. The hapless auditors were the devil's goats; and for the devil's goats was reserved—but we shall not fall into the error we are protesting against. What was the result of all this frenzied and foul blasphemy—for blasphemy in practice it was? Speechless horror on the part of the decent people present—abuse, slang, and cursing on the

part of those who, bad or not, did not like to be addressed as the devil's goats. A cabman who was present, and who cried out to the waterman at the cabstand, "Heave a pail of cold water over him; the gent's in a fit"—pronounced the most charitable comment on this disgusting exhibition.

Another evil connected with this out-of-door preaching is that the preacher, being, after all, a man, sometimes loses his temper at the coarse and brutal replies which his sermons provoke; and when an Evangelist meets railing by railing, and contumely with cursing, it is only religion that suffers. An instance occurs. A street preacher was rudely interrupted by a jolly and profane devotee of the public-house:—"Have a pull at this pot, master; you must be dry after all that talk." "Oh no," was the meek preacher's reply, "oh no, my friend; you'll want it all in hell fire." The same sort of thing is of constant occurrence in the parks on Sundays; and it is no uncommon thing for the preachers of irreligion to take up their parable and to confront the ignorant Calvinists who think the world is to be converted by these fierce denunciations. The Garibaldi riots are the result. Clergymen, with the best intentions, encourage such displays by their attempts to substitute a milder and more decorous gospel for the ravings of these fanatics. But experience, and no small experience, among these public preachers, convinces us that the evils—plain, familiar, and unmistakable—far counterbalance the possible good. Out-of-door preaching does, as a fact, call out contention, contradiction, and insult to religion. So, in a less degree, does indiscriminate tract distribution. Preaching in the parks and in the public streets is a matter of public concern. The Executive and the police have hitherto winked at it. The Home Secretary, or the Ranger, or the Commissioners of Police have been talked over. They have been terrorized by the zealots. They are addressed as quiet people are addressed in the streets by the tract scatterers. "What! will you refuse the Gospel?" as though the Gospel were identical with this foul raving, or those little scraps of nonsense. But the matter is capable of easy solution. Let short-hand writers be employed to take down any ten sermons delivered, and the running commentaries also delivered by the audience on these ten sermons, on any Sunday, in the Regent's Park or in Hyde Park; and then let not only the bishops and clergy, but the respectable ministers of the denominations generally, say whether, in the interests of religion, public preaching in the parks should or should not be prohibited. We trust that Sir Richard Mayne's edict is intended to stop all out-of-door preaching. If this is not its object, the sooner we have a more explicit prohibition the better.

THE INTERIOR OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

THE American contest has strongly affirmed this truth, that success in war depends less upon the weapons used than upon the men who use them. At the outbreak of hostilities the Southern armies were very badly armed, and if they are better armed now, it is because they have supplied themselves at the expense of enemies who were more completely furnished as soldiers outwardly than within. At a time when there are endless questions as to the best forms of ships and guns, it is happily not doubtful what is the best sort of men to work them. The production of a good crew must depend partly upon the system under which they live, and partly upon the officers who administer it. The daily life of a man-of-war ought to be so regulated as to promote in the highest degree the efficiency, health, and comfort of her crew. If health can be ensured by cleanliness, there is no doubt that a British man-of-war's crew must be in a fair way towards it; for cleaning appears to visitors to be a never-ending, still-beginning business on board the Royal Navy. Whether all this washing and scrubbing and scraping is done for its own sake, or for the sake of keeping the men employed, might perhaps be doubted. At any rate, it is easy to understand how desirable it is that the Royal Navy should be principally supplied with men who have grown up in it; for the merchant-seaman, however well he might understand the main part of his work, would not easily adapt himself to the minute regularity of a man-of-war, after acquiring habits which would teach him to prefer a little more of his own ease and pleasure, combined possibly with a little less neatness and smartness of ship and crew. There can be no doubt, however, that when a large number of men have to live in a very small space, scrupulous cleanliness is indispensable to keeping them in health, and therefore the innumerable processes directed towards that result which one sees in operation on board a man-of-war will always be observed with pleasure.

Another point which strongly impresses the visitor is the convenient and compact arrangement of everything on board a ship-of-war. This art of stowing many things in small space has been, we may suppose, the study of many minds without much else to occupy them, ever since the navy has existed, and, therefore, it may reasonably be expected to have been brought very near perfection. Whether we look to the general efficiency of the ship, or to the individual comfort of the men, the same careful provision seems to be made to have everything at hand when needed. Of course, in meeting either bad weather or an enemy, everything depends on promptitude; and this is secured, as far as possible, beforehand, by teaching every man what he will have to do, and where he will find the means of doing it. Perhaps a man-of-war is the only extant school of that economy which many housekeepers would desire to practise if they knew how. Soldiers, in general, are thriftless, and unable to minister to their own com-

forts; and it is only here and there that you find a veteran who displays the foresight and handiness which are almost universal in the navy. To take one instance—many sailors can ply the needle dexterously, but soldiers are generally as awkward in handling that useful implement as any other sort of landsmen. Sailors are not only able to mend their own garments, but one often sees them busy at pieces of needlework which they expect to sell. Then, again, the sailor understands better than the soldier how to make the most of his provisions. Thrift and contrivance appear to be at work everywhere on board ship. It is common among sailors to make two days' allowance of meat serve for three dinners, so that the allowance for the third day may remain unissued, and at the month's end the mess may draw the value of it. In this way a small fund is formed, out of which crockery, vegetables, condiments, and other additions to the bare necessities which Government supplies to the mess-tables, may be purchased. The quantity of food allowed to the sailor may be supposed to be sufficient, because the whole of it is not usually consumed. The quality is also generally good, and probably the sailor prefers his own contrivances for variety of diet to any arrangements which could be made by authority. It is not long ago that the press took up the subject of soldiers' dinners, and it was treated as a monstrous thing that those dinners should be always cooked in the same way. Probably it never occurred to the most resolute reformer to do anything with salt meat except boil it. But even when a ship is lying in harbour, and gets fresh meat five times a week, that meat is always boiled, unless the messes can contrive, as many of them do, to bake it or cook it in some other way. The fact is, that if men can help themselves, they may be safely left to do so; but not otherwise. There has been some talk lately about substituting bread for biscuit, while ships lie in harbour; but it is understood that the seamen do not desire the change, because it is now optional whether they take up their full allowance of biscuit or leave part of it in store, and get paid for the saving at the month's end; whereas, if bread, which is perishable, were provided, it must all be issued, whether the men desired it or not. Since the application of steam machinery to making biscuit, there has been no difficulty in producing a wholesome article in any quantity. Formerly it was ill-made by hand, and ships were often detained while their supply was making. The biscuit now made is very good, when fresh—at least, it seems so to those who are not obliged to live on it—but the question rather is of its goodness at the latter end of a long voyage. Another article of ship's provision, viz. rum, is good always—at least, for those who like it. Most seamen do like rum; but very few like the rum and water which is served out to them, although they drink it. The quantity of rum now issued is only half of what it used to be. It is issued at dinner-time, and there is no evening grog. The custom used to be for each mess to give the whole of its evening allowance to the cook of the mess and his assistant, and the members of the mess took those offices in turn. The consequence of this arrangement was, that two men of each mess were always drunk. Jack did not care to take just enough grog to make him wish for more. He would go without it altogether, and have a good soaking when his turn came round. It is lamentable that sailors should have entertained such an aversion to the golden mean, and it is to be feared that the same vicious taste exists in the army at the present moment. In place of the evening grog and some other allowances, the sailor now gets tea, with biscuit, at five o'clock. This is a very early supper-hour, and there is no provision, either of food or drink, until breakfast-time next day. It has been noticed that, when cholera prevails, sailors are most liable to its attacks in the evening and night, and the reason probably is the great length of the interval between supper and breakfast. The sailor's tea is of a full brown colour, and tastes as if it had been boiled. It ought to be, and probably is, genuine; but if it possessed any original delicacy of flavour, which is most unlikely, that delicacy would not be likely to survive the process of infusion performed in a wholesale way. The sailor's sugar is even more genuine than he desires. When imported it is nearly white, and as the sailor would not believe that such a pale-looking article had any goodness in it, there is an establishment somewhere for giving to the sugar purchased for the navy, before it goes on board the ships, that brown colour which he likes to see. This is just the same treatment which a great deal of French brandy undergoes to fit it for the English market. Although the habit is not so general as it was, it would still be difficult to get a farmer at a market ordinary to believe that his glass of brandy and water was of the proper strength unless it was of a rich brown colour. The cocoa which the sailor gets with biscuit for his breakfast is genuine and excellent, and he is also supplied with very good tobacco.

The small economies which the sailor practises, and his frugal contriving habits, suggest the remark that to all the best qualities of man he unites something of the character of woman—not, however, of woman with a mission, or of woman with lofty aspirations, but of woman of the old-fashioned domestic pattern. There is, probably, no other class of Englishmen who, in this respect, are at all like sailors; and sailors have only learned to be what they are under the teaching of hard necessity. The same characteristics of neatness and methodical arrangement are to some extent to be observed in the cabins of naval officers; but, perhaps, in their case, these appearances are to be attributed, not to their own talent, but to the kind offices of friends on shore. The naval officer differs from the military, among other respects, in this—that he is not usually much of a dandy. The reason for this difference, no doubt, is, partly, that he has fewer opportunities, for if he cultivated personal

graces ever so sedulously on board ship, he would get little besides chaff from his comrades by way of recompense. Another reason probably is, that the naval officer's uniform has a more sober working-day aspect than the uniforms of the army, which, one would think, had been designed under the supposition that the weather was going to be always fine. This supposition, which is tolerably irrational even on shore in England, is too much opposed to the every-day facts of a seaman's life to be capable of being entertained even in an official brain. The naval uniform is quite smart enough, and it is, at the same time, serviceable; and as is the uniform, so are the men who wear it. On the whole, it may be fairly said that the sailor's character is rather more homely than the soldier's. Which character is preferable, must be left to the ladies to decide, for our opinion, if we presumed to give it, could be of little importance to those concerned. But we fancy that, among ladies, the blue coat has as many partisans as the red one.

One of the most interesting sights on board a man-of-war is the gun-drill; and another is the mustering of the crew, under arms, on deck. The gun-drill has been brought to so much perfection that any tolerable sort of gun in naval hands may be safely trusted to do a good deal of harm in action. It is true, however, that sailors want to be drilled at their guns very strictly, for they have a propensity, almost ineradicable, to let fly at any mark that pleases their own fancy. When a crew is mustered, carrying nearly the same arms as soldiers, it is impossible not to be struck with the droll contrast which they present to the stiff, precise military type. A sailor must be free and easy under all circumstances, and it is of no use trying to make him anything else; but he need not, on that account, be the worse combatant, especially on board ship, where there is very little scope for parade movements. It were to be wished, however, that the sailor could be better armed; for although we may prefer good men to good weapons, we should still more prefer to combine the two, if possible. The cutlass, if it were good of its kind, would be a good weapon, and the occasions are innumerable where, bad as it is, it has done good service. But the cutlass is made of such soft metal, that, as sailors say, the intention is that the enemy's sword should stick in it when it parries, so that it may disarm him. The celebrated signal, "Sharpen cutlasses, and the day is your own," besides being otherwise absurd, was impracticable. If the British navy never gains the day until its cutlasses are sharp, it will have to wait some time for victory. Everybody is now so intent upon rifled guns that it would be too much to expect to see a simple and primitive weapon made as good as it ought to be in a country which boasts of its skill in working iron. For boarding there can be nothing like a good cut-and-thrust sword, not too long, and with a loop of yarn to secure it to the wrist when both hands have to be used in climbing. Along with such a sword every man should carry a revolver, instead of the single-barrelled pistol which is now supplied; and every man should also have a head-piece of leather with iron-plating. Such a head-piece would be a great protection in a hand-to-hand scuffle, or in scrambling over a ship's side, and, as it need only be put on at the moment of calling boarders, the objection to any sort of armour in the case of soldiers who have to march and live under it would be inapplicable. Besides the cutlass, an equally primitive weapon, the boarding-pike, may be seen in every man-of-war. Its use is supposed to be, not to board, but to repel boarders. If anything of the sort is wanted, it seems odd that sailors cannot be supplied with the long rifle and short bayonet of the army. In that you have an effective pike, and the chance of a shot besides. It is true that sailors have got something of the kind, and an amazing piece of clumsiness it is. The short rifle and sword-bayonet of the Rifle Brigade make a sufficiently awkward weapon when they are joined together; but the sailor who is armed with short rifle receives together with it a cutlass very nearly as long and heavy as the cutlass which is supplied to men who have no rifle, and this cutlass is made to fit on to his rifle as a bayonet. The weapon thus composed is so enormously top-heavy that no man's strength would suffice to wield it with effect. One never feels quite sure, in any branch of the British service, whether things are meant to be looked at or to be used. There is, for example, in the navy, that wonderful dirk which is the pride of the young midshipman. If it were not for fear of giving offence, one would like to ask what the midshipman does with his dirk when he goes on service? Even a boy might strike a blow for life if he had something to strike with, but the dirk can only be available for some of those humble processes of the kitchen for which we have noticed that sailors have in general a faculty. It is obvious that the rifle and cutlass cannot with convenience be used separately, if both are carried, and it is equally obvious that they cannot be used effectively as one weapon. If there is any foundation at all for the rules which govern the making and use of swords, pikes, and other forms of cold iron, this naval substitute for a bayonet is worse than useless. A rifle with a proper bayonet is good, and a well-made sword is good also; but the attempted combination of the two is good for nothing.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

THE universal badness of musical biographies will hardly be disputed. It will at all events soon be conceded by any one who will take the trouble to compare half-a-dozen standard lives

of workers in any other department of art with the lives of half-a-dozen great musicians. Among the most common defects in these books there is a provoking tendency to secondhand gossiping, which alternates with critical passages of a wonderful kind. We know of no parallel in literature to the portentous use of superlatives which it is not unusual to meet with when the musical biographer comes to review, or addresses himself to worship, his hero's masterpieces. The want of a genuine critical standard is apparent at every turn. We sometimes get mere complacent twaddle like that of Burney, who was the *Coryphaeus* of musical writers a hundred years ago, and who has prefaced his bulky *History of Music* with a definition worth quoting:—

What is music? An innocent luxury; not necessary, indeed, to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing.

This is taking the extreme sensuous view with a vengeance. One wonders whether painting is an innocent luxury, not necessary indeed to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of sight. Yet, after all, mere twaddle is better than the silly pretentiousness that would set Music above Poetry, or than the literary ignorance which has permitted a comparison of Beethoven, sometimes to Dante, sometimes to Shakespeare and Michel Angelo, and sometimes to Jean Paul Richter.

The reason of these shortcomings is not far to seek. It must be remembered that the great prizes of the musical profession not only may be secured without, but, as a general rule, must be sought for by a more or less definite abandonment of, an enlarged and liberal cultivation. The demands made upon mechanical dexterity in every department of music are now so heavy that little short of engrossing practice from a very early age is found sufficient to meet them. During Mendelssohn's visits to London, it was remarked of him, as an unusual and unexpected merit, that he was good company without his music. Now, it is upon eminent professional musicians that the duty of commemorating their brethren generally devolves. It devolves, that is, upon men whose lives have been spent within a narrow circle of interests and sympathies, and whose judgment, naturally inclined to be biased and distorted, is very poorly provided with the salutary checks and compensations that come of a genuine liberal education. Many of Mr. Mill's readers will remember an interesting passage treating of music, in his Dissertation on *Poetry and its Varieties*. Short as that passage is, it is quite enough to set the general run of musical criticism in strong relief against what such writing might become, if illustrated by the attention of only a few independent thinkers, possessed of real learning and wide culture. The failure of the art to attract writers like these has been accounted for by supposing that a taste for music is a kind of defect in the organization of the brain, and that your man of first-rate intellect is uniformly unmusical—sure to be disinclined, if he is not organically disqualified, to treat of the subject. It is really curious to find how much apparent ground for this notion may be gained by running over at random a list of great names whose likes and dislikes in this respect happen to have been recorded; though the single exception of Milton is enough to show that the notion is nothing more than a fancy. Milton not only understood and regularly practised music himself, but in his Tract on a model scheme of Education, he warmly recommends it as a means by which—in Aristotle's phrase—*καλῶς σχολάζειν*, a worthy and noble method of relaxation.

Men of letters have probably been repelled by several causes working together. There is, first, the fact that the section of the public who take an interest in music as an art is a very small one indeed. As a mere source of amusement, music is almost universally patronized. The rush to the pianoforte made by both sexes of late years proves that the effort of mastering the rudiments of execution is an increasingly popular diversion. The statistics of concerts show that people like, better than ever they did, assembling to listen even to the elaborate compositions of great masters. But the combination of physical and non-physical endowments necessary to judge of music, and to perceive its real intention and scope, is a very uncommon one indeed—much more uncommon, probably, than the analogous combination which makes a tolerable judge of paintings. Beethoven himself, forty years ago, believed the capacity of musical perception to be then decidedly on the decrease:—

I once asked Beethoven (says one of his biographers) why he had not affixed to the different movements of his Sonatas an explanation of the poetical ideas they expressed, so that these ideas might at once present themselves to the mind of the intelligent hearer. His answer was that the age in which he composed his Sonatas was more poetical than the present (1823), and that at the former period such explanations would have been superfluous. "At that time," he continued, "every one perceived that the *Largo* in the Third Sonata in D, Op. 10, painted the feelings of a grief-stricken mind, with the varying tints in the light and shade, in the picture of melancholy in all its phases. There was then no need of a key to explain the meaning of the music." . . . On another occasion I requested him to furnish me with the key to two Sonatas (F minor, Op. 57, and D minor, Op. 29). His answer was, abruptly, "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*."

But there is a more important explanation of the estrangement of men of letters from musical matters. It accounts, at any rate, for an unwillingness in such men to write about music. This is the ill-defined position of Music as a branch of art. More, incomparably more, than any other branch, it has suffered from the foolish claims of its devotees. The broad expression and the intensification of passion were its earliest known functions; and

these still remain its most legitimate province. There are, however, many ardent musicians who go farther, and claim for music a versatility and delicacy of delineation equal, if not superior, to the productions of poetry and painting. The question then is, obviously, how comes it that no sooner does a musical passage approach actual and pronounced description than we are sensible of a violation of taste? The magnificent oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, and the works of Handel generally, supply plenty of instances. Or (to look at matters from another point of view) take the well-known canto (xi.) of *In Memoriam*, which begins—

Calm is the morn, without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground.

It would be hard to meet with a poetical passage more capable than this is of being rendered, in its broad outlines and general tone, by musical sounds. More than one strain from the *Lieder ohne Worte* might be used for the purpose almost without alteration. The conceptions of unbroken peace in earth and sky, of clearness and far-reaching prospect, of the gentle swaying of waves felt, not seen, to underlie the silver sleep on the sea—all these might be expressed with great power and beauty, either by the pianoforte or by concerted music. But leave the poet's broad outlines and come to the details. Observe, not only the echo from the stillness, magically drawn out to mingle with his own *suparium de profundis*, but the consummate art which has, in fewest words, conveyed that harmony to other ears in tones of absolute clearness. What *sonate pathétique* has done, or could be made to do, the same? Not that music would be unable to dash the calm with melancholy, to infuse an element of passion into the wide tranquillity; but, compared with the surpassing delicacy of this poem, the effect would be wavering and indistinct. There would be just this result, and no more, from the musical sounds. Passion would be understood to be entering into the calm—the hearers would be left to complete the union *ad libitum*.

Mr. Mill, in the Essay mentioned before, refining on a favourite air of Winter's (*Paga fu*), says that the melody seems to express not simple melancholy, but the melancholy of remorse. But this is only to give passion a new turn, to deepen a shade in the colouring of the picture. To intensify is one thing—to draw is another. What we are contending for is that music draws vaguely—that its descriptive power is feeble compared with the capabilities of other arts. Music falls short of poetry in this—that unless aided from without it is able only to enhance existing modes of feeling. It has no power of close demarcation, analysis, or illustration—at any rate none that can hold the field for a moment against the articulate powers of language. It is when the framework of passionate expression has been at least begun, if not completed, from alien sources, that the real triumphs of music become apparent in a gorgeous decoration or superstructure. Music will not dig the channels of emotion with the precision of language, of painting, or of sculpture; but, those being once indicated, it will widen and fill them to overflowing. It will prove fuller of meaning than the very words without whose aid its own meaning would have been doubtful and hard to interpret. To refer once more to *In Memoriam*. Any lover of Beethoven's music will feel how well he would have set the canto (xv.) beginning, "To-night the winds began to rise;" or, the single verse (cxxxix.), "Thy voice is on the rolling air." But if, impressed by the very same emotions as the poet, he had sat down to give them utterance with his own art as the sole vehicle, he would never have equalled the distinct delineation of the poet. Similarly, in a little piece called *The Lake*, Professor Sterndale Bennett has very cleverly described a calm sheet of water, presently ruffled by a creeping current of wind. Yet, if it were not for the verbal announcement of the subject, one sees no reason why the same strain should not do duty as the description of a calm moonlit scene, broken by some envious cloud, and by-and-by relapsing into serene light. But, whatever be the value of these individual distinctions, it is to some wider and sounder method of criticism that we must look in order to define and raise the artistic platform of music, and to make it worth the while of cultivated and reflecting men to pay more attention than they now do to the subject. Men of genius among musicians may then hope for some worthier memorial than they are now likely to obtain.

PAINTED GLASS IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE history of the recent revival of glass-painting is not a little singular. Five-and-twenty years ago this beautiful art may be said to have been lost altogether. If ever a painted window was wanted for a church—which was seldom enough—it was the fashion to pick up some damaged foreign glass from Wardour Street, and to insert it, regardless of style and fitness, into the window opening. As for the restoration of old windows, it was thought enough to order the nearest glazier to cobble them with any colours that he might chance to have. At last, however, an attempt was made, here and there, to reintroduce the art of the glass-painter. The results at first were frightful. No one knew exactly what to aim at. Opaque backgrounds, gaudy colouring, and grotesquely exaggerated design, were generally thought the chief conditions of success. But before long this chaos was reduced to order. Simultaneously with the scientific inquiry into Gothic architecture which has resulted in the present

high perfection, and still higher promise, of the art of design among us, the ancient remains of painted glass were diligently examined, compared, classified, and thoroughly studied. It began to be perceived that this subsidiary decorative art had its own principles, its own conventional laws and limits, and its own succession of schools and methods. Some inquirers traced the chronological development of glass-painting from the mere mosaic patterns of the first age, through the pure figure-drawing and subtle colour-harmonies and chaste grisailles of the best period of the art, to those later schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in which, with marvellous richness of hue and tint, the drawing was debased, and the true principle of design inverted—the window being made for the glass rather than the glass for the window. Other students analysed the ancient materials, in order to discover the secret of their marvellous brilliancy. Some experimented with pot-metal and fluxes, while others laboured to produce on new glass by chemical agents some of the effects of time—the results of decay and dirt—as witnessed in the surviving works of mediæval glass-painters. In a marvellously short time the art seemed on the eve of a complete revival. A host of artists, with no considerable inequality of success, showed themselves able to copy adroitly the glass of any epoch with great fidelity. Any one could get, for a reasonable price, a very fair imitation of the mosaic glass at Canterbury, or windows like those of Bourges or Chartres, or florid compositions like those in King's College Chapel, Cambridge. The tinctures of the old glass were quite equalled, and Mr. Winston taught our manufacturers how to retain the bubbles and the striæ in their vitrification. It was easy to copy borders, and canopies, and even groups; and a free use of acids and other tricks of "antiquation"—as the artificial simulation of the appearance of age began to be called—enabled an artist to produce a work scarcely distinguishable from an original window. Sometimes, without resort to trickery, a genius like Pugin produced a better result than this. There is a window, for instance, by that artist, in a church in Wells Street, which for its brilliancy of colouring, its general harmony, and the quaint spirit of its design, might easily be mistaken for an ancient example, undamaged by time.

For all purposes of mere restoration, the skill thus attained by the best glass-painters, both in England and France, may be considered sufficient. In the restored Sainte-Chapelle at Paris, for example, the new windows are admirably characteristic; and there are few churches possessing ancient painted glass in which the old work has not been cleaned, repaired, and supplemented. But how does the matter stand with respect to new glass-painting? In this we believe there is an universal agreement of dissatisfaction and disappointment. It is found that an entirely new window, in any style, is pretty sure to be a failure. The figure-drawing, of course, in every new window is an improvement upon the singular grotesques which formed the staple of the old designs; but the result is generally tame and unimpressive. Some of our most distinguished artists are understood to have tried their hands on cartoons for glass-painters; but, somehow or other, in the transference of the design from the sketch to the vitreous tessellation, a certain amount of distortion seems inevitable, and the grace and proportion of the figures and groups altogether disappear. Or else the harmony of colours has been neglected; violent purple or blue tints predominate, and pervade the whole window; often there is no contrast or relief in the composition, and tinctures, good in themselves, instead of sparkling like jewels, lose all their lustre and brilliancy from faulty juxtaposition. No one seems to know, indeed, in what the peculiar excellence of an old window consists. Some irreverently think it is in the dirt, and dislocation, and the decomposition of the outer surface of the ancient glass—things which it is impossible, consistently with self-respect, to counterfeit, with deliberate intention, in a new work. Certain it is that, speaking generally, a new painted window is a comparative failure, whatever pains may have been taken to copy the adjuncts of an old one. We have known cases in which the leading, and stanchions, and cross-bars of an old window have been reproduced with servile exactness, and yet the colour and the substance of the glass, and the feeble mediocrity of the drawing, show at once that it is a work of to-day. Of course we are not speaking here of the enamelled glass, or of the products of the Munich school. Painted glass, as understood in the days when the art was in its prime, was, in fact, a mosaic or tessellation, requiring a peculiar conventional method of design suitable not only for a translucent material, but also for producing its effect with extreme simplicity of parts, and almost without the aid of shadows or gradations of colour. The Munich glass, beautiful as it often is in its design, and highly effective as it is in a building specially designed for it, does not fulfil these conditions. It is much to be regretted that for so much of the new painted glass in the lancet windows at Glasgow Cathedral, and for some windows in the curious post-Reformation Gothic chapel of Peterhouse, Cambridge, resort should have been had to the Munich factory.

Such being the case with respect to painted glass, we confess that we looked with some anxiety to see whether any progress had been made since 1851. It is the general verdict, we believe, among connoisseurs, that the art, if not retrograding, is stationary. There are no specimens in this year's Exhibition which are positively bad. There is a greater average uniformity of merit among the exhibitors, both foreign and English, than we expected. But it is impossible to say that any artist has thoroughly solved the problem which we have stated above. The present show does not enable us to point to any one as an indubitably safe guide in the matter. Perhaps



It is satisfactory to see that, as the demand for painted glass is so great, so many artists are competent to supply it fairly well; but we should be puzzled to decide between them, and we cannot say that we envied the Jury their task of awarding prizes and honourable mentions in this department.

Before speaking more particularly of the works exhibited at South Kensington, we must admit, in justice to all the competitors, that no place could possibly have been chosen in the whole building more unfit for the display of painted glass than the gallery in which the greater number of the specimens are collected together. With the exception of the painted glass in the external windows in the extremities of the transepts, none of the specimens have anything better than a borrowed light. Some exhibitors, it is understood, declined, not unreasonably, to show their glass under such unfavourable conditions.

Messrs. Hardman, of Birmingham, are large exhibitors, and their works are among the best in the collection. Every visitor must have observed the enormous windows, by this firm, for Worcester Cathedral, and for the east end of the new church at Doncaster. No doubt these windows will look exceedingly well in their places. Their colouring, in particular, is subdued and pleasing, and the design, when you can make out the groups, is found to be graceful and tolerably artistic. But they are little better than tame copies and adaptations of precedents. There is nothing great or original about them. Far more piquant and novel are some windows (shown in the Gallery) for the crypt of St. Stephen's, Westminster, by the same artists. Here the subjects are well drawn, and the colouring is light, but effective. Mr. Clayton, of the firm of Clayton & Bell, was a juror; and, therefore, disqualified for a medal. The too few works exhibited by him and his partner are most meritorious. Messrs. Clayton & Bell seem to us to show better design than most of their rivals, though they are often needlessly archaic. Messrs. Heaton, Butler & Bayne occupy a very conspicuous position in the west transept, in conjunction with an ambitious, but far less successful, window exhibited by Mr. Holland, of Warwick. The former firm work indifferently in all styles, but are better, we think, in their tinctures and general colouring than in their design. Mr. Warrington again exhibits specimens in almost all varieties of style, particularly some memorial windows for Hereford Cathedral and other churches. What we chiefly dislike in some of these is their coarse drawing and colouring. Perhaps the most successful of his works is a Crucifixion, treated in a broad Cinque Cento manner; but here the drawing is often defective. Far better, in the same late style, is the east window intended to be placed in the frugal church of St. Anne, Soho, by Messrs. Ward & Hughes. This work seems to us to be one of considerable merit.

Messrs. Lavers and Barraud are represented by several works which, though in different styles, are certainly all of them above the average. We observe some effort after originality of design in many of the windows by these artists. If the painted glass of Messrs. O'Connor is, as a rule, somewhat more commonplace than that which we have last mentioned, yet it gives proof of very careful and judicious handling. So, too, the glass of Mr. Preedy—a name which is new to us—shows very thoughtful elaboration of details, which leads us to hope for further improvement. The glass exhibited by Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars, is, in respect of colour, equal to any in the gallery. This firm, as is well known, has manufactured glass from the receipts obtained by Mr. Winston, the well known writer and experimentalist on the subject, from a chemical analysis of ancient glass. The design is scarcely equal to the goodness of the materials employed. Mr. Ballantine, who attempts the secular style as well as the ecclesiastical, is not very successful. Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Baillie, and Mr. Barnett occupy an inferior rank. Mr. Cox, who provides ecclesiastical decorations of every sort, has not secured the aid of efficient designers in glass any more than in other branches of art. Mr. Chance, of Birmingham, who exhibits in the east transept, ought perhaps to have been noticed before; but we can say little in praise of his work. Mr. Forrest, and Messrs. Claudet and Houghton, will come last in our notice; except the curious, and rather striking, works exhibited by Messrs. Morris, Marshall, & Co. Of these, some are preposterously grotesque and archaic; but others, in a secular style, show, in spite of crotchetts, a bold and not altogether unsuccessful attempt to make glass painting not merely a subsidiary decorative art, but a vehicle of beautiful drawing.

Of foreign countries, besides a specimen of Bertini's enamelled glass-painting (far less large and elaborate than his Dante window of 1851), and a commonplace example from Belgium, we have a fair display from France. The French glass-painters—one of the most famous of whom, M. Gerente, makes no appearance here—are generally equal to their English competitors in the archaeology of the subject, and in versatility of design; but their materials seem to be slightly inferior. M. Lusson and M. Maréchal (of Metz) are beyond doubt the foremost French exhibitors. The former reproduces the ancient styles with singular success, and has a peculiarly rich colouring of his own. The latter affects greater vigour and eccentricity of treatment in his design. M. Didron answers to the position of Messrs. Hardman in this country. The other French exhibitors are M. Oudinot, MM. Laurent and Gisell, M. Bourgeois, and M. Ilonet—all of equal mediocrity.

It is to us a matter of some surprise as well as regret that this very beautiful art, which has met with such universal encouragement, has not kept pace with the artistic progress of the time. Our glass-painters really ought to follow the example of our

architects. Having mastered the imitation of the old styles, they ought now to work out their principles, and develop their art to a further stage of capacity and progress.

REVIEWS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

IT is useless to prolong the controversy on Mr. Carlyle's qualities as a historian. Those who appreciate his genius will never come to an understanding with opponents who are hopelessly perplexed and irritated by the peculiarities of his style. Critics who have wondered for twenty or thirty years why Mr. Carlyle cannot write like his neighbours will find the problem reproduced, without any fresh clue to its solution, in the third volume of the *History of Frederick*. No former work has been fuller of seeming paradoxes, of homely phrases, or of humorous exaggerations. As usual, Mr. Carlyle's dramatic instinct leads him to distinguish every personage in his narrative by some recognisable feature, which at the same time corresponds to his conception of the essential character. "Edacious Hyndford," George II., "with fish eyes on a level with his face," "blustering Broglie," and "the sham Sun-god, Belleisle," provoke or amuse the reader according to the nature and direction of his sympathies. Not content with manœuvring his actors, the manager himself descends on the stage in a frequent monologue under various costumes, which constitute, it must be confessed, an imperfect disguise. The Smelfungus of Sterne, the Dryasdust of Scott, the Sauerteig of *Sartor Resartus*, the Constitutional Historian, the Author of *Unpublished Note-books*, only indicate respectively that Mr. Carlyle is, for the moment, intentionally confining himself to satirical criticism, to literal enumeration of facts, to generalizations of English history, or to significant anecdotal details. The text and the digressions are for the most part similar in style, and the subtle motives of apparent eccentricity and caprice may easily escape a careless observer. If a picture is judged by the rules which are applicable to a map, light and shade, composition and perspective, will seem absurdly out of place on Mercator's projection. Complete lists of names, distributed according to accurate measurements, satisfy the understanding by a definite and limited supply of useful information. The geographical student is perfectly aware that, if he wishes for an image of the country as it appears in nature, he must exercise his own faculties of observation or of fancy. Mr. Carlyle provides imagination as well as ichnography for his disciples, and those who are to profit by his teaching must content themselves with his point of view. A stereoscope displays only blurred and indistinct surfaces unless it is first adjusted to the proper focus. It is not until the figure comes out in solid relief that the ingenuity of the contrivance is proved or comprehended.

The most distinctive peculiarity of Mr. Carlyle's composition is a similar tendency to realistic production of definite and substantial forms. It is for the purpose of conveying to others his own distinct conceptions that he disregards the conventional dignity of history, and that he mixes up familiar illustrations and allusions with dithyrambic bursts of eloquence. Although he may in one sense be called obscure, few writers labour so earnestly for the attainment of perfect clearness. Not always easily intelligible, he may nevertheless, by the aid of due attention, for the most part be completely understood; and the impression which remains is deeper and more satisfactory than the vaguer and more superficial knowledge which is derived from ordinary prosaic historians. Mr. Carlyle's extraordinary power of descriptive narration is most popularly exemplified when the nature of his subject-matter confines him to material and external transactions. The accounts of three battles which fall within the limits of the present volume are almost unequalled in simplicity and perspicuity. There were, indeed, no complicated operations at Mollwitz, at Chotusitz, or at Dettingen; but almost all writers contrive either to turn a battle into a chaos of confusion, or to borrow the technical language of professional soldiers. Mr. Carlyle, after long study, extracts for himself the principal and decisive circumstances of the struggle; and unless he has himself misinterpreted the authorities whom he has consulted, it is impossible that the dullest reader can fail to understand the process of the struggle, and the causes of victory and defeat. It is only on reflection that the care and labour are appreciated by which the information distilled into three or four pages must originally have been procured. The topographical accuracy of an engineer, and the skill of a landscape painter, are combined in the careful delineation of the field of battle. The most censorious purist can scarcely object to the occasional touches of humour which intrude even into the sympathizing account of an English success. "The English officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual way; without knowledge of war, without fear of death, or regard to utmost peril or difficulty; cheering their men, and keeping them steady on the throats of the French as far as might be." The soldiers who had at Dettingen to fight their way to their magazines are almost praised for their "stupidity." "What neighbours call their stupidity—want of idle imagining, idle flurrying, nay, want even of knowing—is not one of the worst qualities just now. They tramp on, paying a minimum of attention to the cannon, ignorant of what is ahead, hoping only it may be breakfast in some form, before the day quite terminates."

* *History of Frederick the Great*. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. III. London: Chapman & Hall.

Political history, involving the exercise of judgment as well as the faculty of observation, leaves more room for critical differences. Mr. Carlyle seldom restricts himself to the humble functions of an annalist, and the doctrines which serve as a thread on which historical events are strung are generally unpopular, and by no means uniformly sound. The prophet of authority and law would inculcate a completer system of truth if he had not accustomed himself to denounce constitutional freedom as one of the many forms of anarchy. To those who regard unwavering orthodoxy as the most indispensable quality of a preacher, Mr. Carlyle naturally becomes an object of suspicion. *Paradise Lost*, as it is well known, proved nothing, and the *History of Frederick the Great* sometimes proves worse than nothing. Timorous intellects, monotonous tastes, rigid and unimaginative convictions, will do well to seek the support and sustenance which they require from more commonplace and transparent writers. Yet a curious inquirer into the warlike and diplomatic proceedings of the eighteenth century will scarcely find any rival historian so indefatigably laborious in the attainment of the minutest accuracy. If the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* had been composed in the manner of *Tristram Shandy*, the union of Gibbon's conscientious industry and gorgeous imagination with Sterne's recondite and genial humour might perhaps have anticipated the style of Mr. Carlyle's historical works. As a biographer, and incidentally as a philosophic teacher, he professes to notice events and persons only as they affect the character and career of his hero; but it is fortunately as necessary that he should connect Frederick's life with the contemporaneous history of Europe as that a physiologist should expound the relation of food or of air to animal organization. In the midst of digressions, disquisitions, and amusing bursts of impatience, Mr. Carlyle will be found to have, for the first time, written a history of the war of the Austrian Succession which can be understood and remembered. Those who dispute his judgment of Frederick's conduct will depend almost exclusively on their adversaries for the facts which may be adduced in support of their arguments. The portrait of Belleisle, who is the secondary and subordinate hero of the volume, may fairly be compared with the masterpieces of biographical and dramatic art. The narrative of his purposeless triumphs, and of his gallant struggle against ultimate defeat, combines hearty appreciation of ability and courage with just contempt for the officious selfishness of a meddling policy. "After Frederick and Voltaire, in both of whom, under the given circumstances, one finds a perennial reality, more or less, Belleisle is the next; none fails to escape the mournful common lot by a nearer miss than Belleisle." A tame and straightforward narrator would be less accurate, as well as duller, in the account which he would probably give of the French enterprise in Germany. To nominate a French dependent as Emperor, to break up the Austrian monarchy into fragments, and ultimately to divide the whole of Germany into four petty kingdoms—such a project as this is inadequately recorded in the colourless language of conventional history. The armed propagation of so-called French ideas was commenced long before the Revolution; and Mr. Carlyle sums up the essence of similar crusades in the supposed suggestion of Belleisle's plans to Louis XV.:—"To raise France to its place, your Majesty; the top of the universe, namely!" "Well, if it could be done, and quite without trouble," thinks Louis."

In judging of the English and the French, Mr. Carlyle is not uninfluenced by a patriotic prejudice, which ought, perhaps, rather to be described as unconscious sympathy. While he delights in exaggerating the inarticulate stupidity which he ascribes to his countrymen, he is proud of the dogged pertinacity with which they follow a blind instinct of expediency and justice. Although he holds that they had, in the middle of the last century, no business with the squabbles of the Continent, he approves of the national hostility to Spain which was founded on the monopoly of South American commerce:—

The pretensions of Spain to keep half the world locked up in embargo were entirely chimerical, plainly contradictory to the laws of nature; and no amount of Pope's Donative Acts, or ceremonial in *Rota* or *Propaganda*, could redeem them from untenability in the modern days.

France, on the other hand, had absolutely no reason beyond vanity and vulgar ambition for engaging in an Austrian war with a view to the partition of Germany. The *La Guérinières* of 1741, like their successors a hundred and twenty years later, thought it intolerable that a neighbouring Power should adjust its own affairs without the interference of Louis XV. or Napoleon II.:—

France is an extremely pretty creature; but this, of making France the Supreme Governor and God's Vicegerent of nations, is, was, and remains, one of the maddest notions. France at its ideal best, and with a demigod for king over it, was by no means fit for such a function. And France at its worst, or nearly so, with Louis XV. over it by way of demigod—oh, Belleisle, what kind of France is this, shining in your grandiose imagination, in such contrast to the stingy fact?

The results, according to Mr. Carlyle, corresponded with the value of the motives which respectively actuated the conduct of England and France:—

They were wars little less extraneous to England than to France; neither nation had real business in them; and they seem to us now a very mad object on the part of both. But they were not gratuitously gone into on the part of England; far from that. England undertook them with its big heart very sorrowful, strange spectrals bewilder it, and managed them (as men do sleep-walking) with a gloomy solidity of purpose, with a heavily-laden energy, and, on the whole, with a depth of stupidity which were very

great. Yet look at the respective net results. France lies down to rot into grand spontaneous combustion. Apotheosis of Sansculottism, and much else, which still lasts to her own great peril, and the great affliction of neighbours. Poor England, after such enormous stumbling among the chimney-pots, and somnambulism over all the world for twenty years, finds, on awakening, that she is arrived, after all, where she wished to be, and a good deal farther—finds that her own important little errand is somehow or other done; and, in short, that that "Jenkins's Ear" (as she [or as Mr. Carlyle] named the thing) has been avenged, and the Ocean highways opened, and a good deal more, in a most signal way.

Frederick the Great, whose history commences in the third volume inscribed with his name, is a more interesting hero than his father; and yet, in the first four years of his reign, his greatness, and even his military genius, have to be taken for granted. It was in after years that, gradually discovering the business of his life, Frederick developed the resolute sagacity which enabled him to accomplish his task. As Mr. Carlyle remarks, he ceased to talk about "glory" after his first Silesian campaign. By early theory an egotist, with his hardness of nature only traversed by a shallow vein of sentiment, his vigorous intellect soon raised him above petty vanity, and almost above vulgar ambition. The conquest of Silesia raised Prussia into the rank of an independent monarchy, and the rest of Frederick's life was employed in maintaining and improving the position which he had created for himself and his country. After his first youthful enterprise he had no desire to make himself talked about, or to keep Europe in hot water. His finances, his civil administration, and his army were all organized with an exclusive regard to practical efficiency; and his policy, though daring to the extremest verge of possibility, was always coldly and prudently directed to the main object of preserving himself from ruin. His successful adaptation of means to important and difficult ends is best appreciated by the nation which became identified in its growth with his own aggrandizement. Notwithstanding his contempt for their language, and his indifference to their prejudices, all true Germans, especially in the North, regard the memory of Frederick with loyal admiration and gratitude, while they acknowledge the solid services which Frederick William rendered to his country. Mr. Carlyle's cordial regard for the rough old royal martinet, notwithstanding the surprised and angry comments which it provoked in England, will not have been thought paradoxical in Germany. The monument which he is now erecting to Frederick ought to be accepted as a worthy commemoration of the chief national hero since Charles the Great.

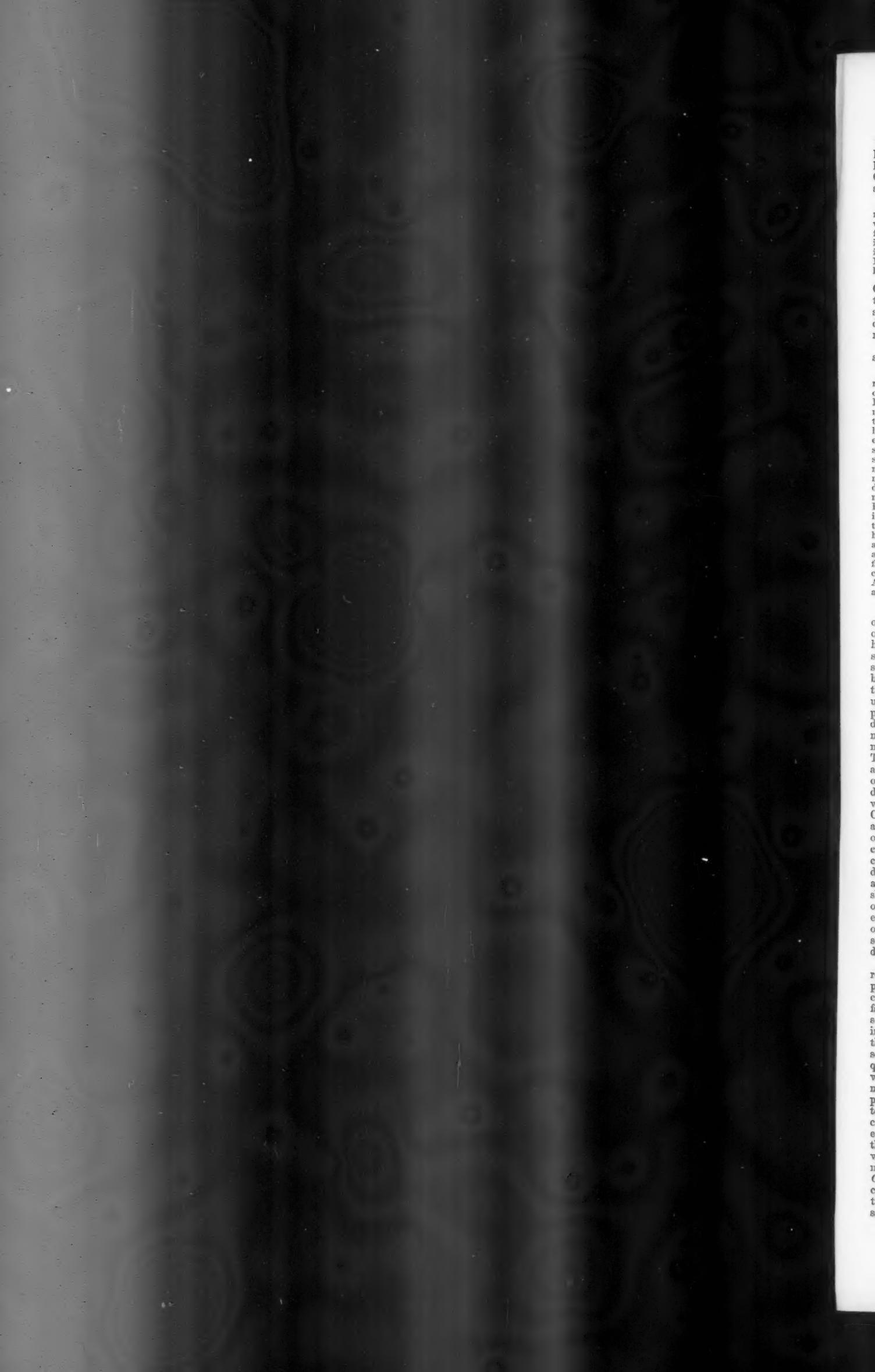
In a comparison of the greatest generals of ancient and modern times, M. Thiers places Frederick, after Hannibal and Napoleon, on a level with Cesar and with Alexander. Napoleon's genius may, perhaps, have been more comprehensive and more brilliant; but Frederick stands almost alone in the economical employment of limited resources. When in alliance with England, he resisted at the same time Austria, Russia, and France. One of his hard-fought campaigns probably cost less than a month of the siege of Sebastopol, or than a week of the American civil war. His strategical capacity can only be fully appreciated by professional judges; and it is remarkable that it was only acquired as the slow result of experience. Heaven-born generals have succeeded oftener than novices in any other department of human activity. Arbela, Ravenna, Rocroi, and Arcola were won by young and inexperienced chieftains; and Hannibal himself began his illustrious career almost in boyhood. Frederick, on the contrary, bungled at Mollwitz, and at Chotusitz he succeeded in a commonplace stand-up fight by the superior courage and discipline of his soldiers. As Mr. Carlyle says, Frederick William won Mollwitz from his grave, while his son was still serving an apprenticeship to the trade which he afterwards thoroughly mastered. Industry, aptitude, and unfailing good sense combined to form the qualities which Mr. Carlyle, to the scandal of many, sums up under the name of veracity. The accordance of thought and action with the nature of things, whether it is called genius, wisdom, or truth, is assuredly one of the highest virtues. Strict verbal accuracy of statement, however, though it may have a narrower range, is more indispensable; and in the course of his tangled diplomacy Frederick failed to inspire his contemporaries with implicit reliance on his word. Mr. Carlyle asserts that his alleged dissimulation seldom exceeded the bounds of kingly and statesmanlike reticence; but he admits that in some of his Silesian negotiations he was playing against a crew of sharpers with loaded dice. The apology is not sufficient, although it would have been difficult to conduct the enterprise to a successful conclusion by straightforward methods.

The title of the Prussian kings to Silesia is fully explained in the previous volumes. There have been more and less plausible claims, but it is a mere error to regard Frederick as a wrongfule intruder. He took advantage of the temporary weakness of Austria to assert a plausible title, in the hope that he could maintain his conquest by his own unassisted power; and it was not until he found that he had aroused the implacable resentment of Maria Theresa that he allied himself with France. Three months later he entered into a secret arrangement with Austria and with England, and he actually advised the general with whom he was ostensibly fighting to attack his own French allies. Almost immediately afterwards he made a second treaty with France; after his victory of Chotusitz he once more made terms with Austria and England; and within four years from the commencement of the war he made a third alliance with France. It is possible that in all instances he chose the best means to his end, but pre-eminent veracity can only be associated with his conduct in an esoteric sense. In later years, as he grew stronger and more confident in

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himself, his policy was also simpler. From the first he would have adhered heartily and steadily to the cause of Austria, if the Queen of Hungary could have been persuaded to acquiesce in the sacrifice of Silesia:—

Most brave, high and pious-minded; beautiful too and radiant with good nature, though of temper that will easily catch fire; there is perhaps no nobler woman than living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand feminine manner, as if heaven itself and the voice of duty called her. "The inheritances which my father left me, we will not part with these. Death, if it so must be; but not dishonour; listen not to that thief in the night." Maria Theresa has not studied at all the history of the Silesian Duchies; she knows only that her father and grandfather peaceably held them.

Chivalrous enthusiasm excites ready and merited sympathy; but the far-seeing judgment of a calm and powerful intellect is a still more interesting object of study. The justice of the Silesian dispute depends on an intricate legal deduction, and not on the respective characters of Maria Theresa and Frederick.

Mr. Carlyle's defence of Frederick's veracity will be best understood in his own forcible language:—

We will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse, and the like, which was once widely current in the world; and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich is saying, if they wish to guess what he is thinking; there being no such thing as "mendacity" discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself. "Mendacity," my friends? How busy the Owls have been with Friedrich's memory in different countries of the world; perhaps even more than their sad wot is in such cases; for indeed he was apt to be of swift, abrupt procedure, disregardful of owlries, and gave scope for misunderstanding in the course of his life. But a veracious man he was at all points, not even conscious of his veracity; but he had it in the blood of him; and never looked upon "mendacity" but from a very great height indeed. He does not, except where suitable, at least he never should, express his whole meaning; but you will never find him express what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to "finesse," do not believe that either, in the vulgar or bad sense. Truly you will find that his "finesse" is a very fine thing; and that it consists, not in deceiving other people, but in being right himself; in well discerning for his own behoof what the facts before him are; and in steering, which he does steadily, in a most vigilant, nimble, decisive, and intrepid manner, by monition of the same. No salvation but in the facts. Facts are a kind of divine thing to Friedrich; much more so than to common men; this is essentially what religion we have found in Friedrich. And, let me assure you, it is an invaluable element in any man's religion, and highly indispensable, though so often dispensed with.

It would be impossible to express in terser or simpler English one of the chief doctrines which Mr. Carlyle propounds in his own writings, and illustrates by the lives and characters of his heroes. His "owlries" and "enchanted wiggery" may be safely abandoned to criticism, as peculiarities of a style which is supposed by those who are unacquainted with German to be borrowed from that less lively language. His moral and political theories are only misapprehended in default of a sincere wish to understand them. It is idle to demand of philosophers and prophets exactly those revelations which it is not their purpose to deliver. Under other circumstances, and with a different turn of mind, Mr. Carlyle might perhaps direct his attention to departments of truth which he has not thought it necessary to inculcate. The creed which he actually proclaims is composed of a few articles which may be reduced to common sense and disciplined order. He denies the right of any man to think what is false and to do what is foolish or wrong. The supremacy of the superior nature, which is the text of Plato's Republic, lies at the bottom of Mr. Carlyle's political system. From a pervading law he too hastily assumes the necessity and possibility of a legitimate despot; but orthodox believers in liberty ought carefully to consider his principle before they confound it with his doubtful inference or application. The question of the process by which a nation can best discover its lawful rulers leaves untouched the duty of obedience, and the right to enforce it. Long and varied experience has shown that it is, on the whole, expedient to allow the free utterance of all opinions, including a large proportion of nonsense; but exemption from external control only increases the responsibility of avoiding error. When Mr. Carlyle denounces a free press, the sentence is just as far as it is provoked by insincerity and ignorant declamation.

Mr. Carlyle's doctrine of veracity, or of insight into truth, requires less qualification. Sentimental crudity, intellectual flippancy, unconscious cant, and stupidity in general, lie deeper in the character than even the discreditable propensity to utter verbal falsehoods. An educated man of mature age, who supposes himself to believe in the Lives of the Saints, is more incurably steeped in mendacity than the wilful hypocrite who confines himself to the merely outward act of deceiving others. Ingrained dishonesty seldom washes out; and when the light of the intellect is quenched or obscured, the darkness is deeper than any shadow which could be cast by an external obstacle or screen. Fragments of the same sound doctrine have often been expressed in paradoxical propositions, as when it is said that it is impossible to believe what is false, or that the only faults in a man which cannot be forgiven are those which he cannot avoid. Mr. Carlyle's exposition is fuller, more varied, and more graphic, and it receives the best illustration from the biographical and historical examples which in turn it helps to explain. Political students who are modest enough to learn will find in the *History of Frederick the Great* something more than the reproduction of their own previous convictions. Ordinary readers who desire no theoretical instruction may appreciate a copious and authentic history which is at the same time eloquent, dramatic, and profoundly humorous.

THE WATER CURE.*

WE do not intend to recommend the Water Cure, but we can safely ascribe to it the merit of having produced a very amusing little book. Patients under any system of treatment, who may read this book, will thank the author for beguiling a few tedious hours. He will put them into good humour, and may thus unintentionally assist the processes of his enemies, the allopathic doctors. He states that, a few years ago, he came home from India to be repaired. "The doctors said that there was not much the matter with me. What I wanted was tone. I suppose they meant physic, of which I swallowed many gallons." While he was thus sedulously engaged in emptying the chemists' shops, he received a letter from a brother officer, who was staying at a hydropathic establishment. The object of the letter was to induce the invalid to join the writer there. We must say that there is strong internal evidence of the recipient of the letter having been the writer of it. But as that evidence amounts to this, that the letter is as amusing as other parts of the book, the artifice will be readily forgiven by a laughing reader. The letter propounded that "nature's remedies for sick men are pure air, regulated diet, moderate exercise, mental repose, and a judicious use of the renovating properties of water." It is at least indisputable that the first four remedies here enumerated would cure or mitigate many diseases, if they could be fairly tried; and it must also be admitted that at the hydropathic establishments they are tried fairly. The writer of the book took his friend's advice, and profited by it. He was perfectly delighted with the hydropathic system, and thoroughly enjoyed the hydropathic life. From a confirmed sceptic as regards the treatment, he soon became an enthusiastic believer. Month after month did he prolong his residence at the establishment, "in pure enjoyment of a healthy, sensible, and natural life." Since that time he has had many opportunities of observing the effects of the water treatment, and the more he has seen the more he has become convinced of its inestimable value.

To affirm his belief, and, as some people may think, to put his lunacy beyond all reasonable doubt, he now writes a book about the water cure. He writes at what he calls "a young Malvern," which has sprung up at the village of Ilkley, in the valley of the Wharfe, in Yorkshire. The book can hardly fail to prove an effectual advertisement of Ilkley Wells House, although we do not say that such was the intention. If a puff was intended, it has the merit of being done skilfully and moderately. The author is very happy in his ridicule of the drug-doctors, and in his description of hydropathic treatment; but in the way of explanation of how and why hydropathy succeeds, he does not carry us very far. We leave off much as we began—with a firm belief that the pure air and regular life and freedom from care and work, which Malvern or Ilkley afford to those who can command the necessary time and money, must be beneficial to all patients, and actively curative to some. But there surely are some diseases which cannot be cured without drugs, and, therefore, a system which pretends to cure all diseases without drugs must necessarily be an imposition on the credulity of mankind. It is true that, when the author exclaims, "Down with drugs," he adds, "always excepting those which are beneficial in result and harmless in action." But if he makes this exception, the difference between his system and that of the drug-doctors whom he denounces is only a difference of degree. It may be suspected that there are or have been cases where something was required to be done to arrest disease, and hydropathy has done nothing. On the other hand, there are many cases where nature only wants fair play, and this she gets amid the charming scenery of Malvern or Ilkley. In such cases the hydropathic processes probably do neither harm nor good, but the mode of life does immense good. It may be objected, however, that we cannot all go to reside for an unlimited time in secluded and romantic valleys; and if nature has only provided for restoring the health of those who can, her beneficence, although great, is not very comprehensive. We should like, if it were possible, to hear of something suitable "for all sorts and conditions of men," and not alone for those who are at leisure and in easy circumstances. The dwellers in a large town can get neither the air nor the water necessary for hydropathic treatment. Something has been done by drinking-fountains to supply the latter, but the former is not even theoretically attainable. There is another and more recently introduced cure—all—the Turkish bath—which has at least the merit of being capable of becoming generally available. It is to be observed that the present author treats the Turkish bath as a mere branch of the hydropathic system. He says it is identical in principle with the lamp bath of the hydropathists, but less convenient. This strikes us as an example of what the vulgar call "cheek," for which, however, we may safely leave Mr. Urquhart to reckon with the author.

"The best practice is that which does nothing—the next best that which does little." These words of a celebrated physician offer the best defence of hydropathy. Another eminent authority has declared that, in a large proportion of cases treated by ordinary doctors, the disease is cured by nature and not by them, and that in a smaller proportion of cases the disease is cured by nature in spite of them; so that in a majority of cases it would fare as well with

* *The Common Sense of the Water Cure. A Popular Description of Life and Treatment in a Hydropathic Establishment.* By Captain J. H. Lukis (late of the 61st Regiment and the North Durham Militia). London: Hardwicke. 1862.

patients if all remedies, especially drugs, were abandoned. But the men who see and speak these truths are a small minority of the ablest and most enlightened heads of the profession. The character of Dr. Pomposo, "who steadily pursues his course of legalized homicide," is unhappily far more common. Roughly speaking, the patient of a doctor of average intelligence would do well to take half or a third of the physic ordered for him, and throw the rest away. But let him not fail one tittle in obedience to such precepts concerning diet and mode of life as may be enjoined on him. Generally speaking, doctors do not venture very far in this direction, because they know from experience that patients will not obey them. If they order some great thing to be done — as, for instance, a journey to the seaside, or to a German spa — the patient will, if he can, obey; but orders concerning little every-day habits are too trivial to obtain attention. But when the hydropathic doctor gets you to his own place, you are under his hourly influence, and you think you may as well do the thing thoroughly while you are about it; and, besides, the observance of a code of minute rules helps to occupy your disengaged thoughts. But after all, even the hydropathic doctor cannot always or easily overcome the force of injurious habits in his patients. The stories which this author tells of contraband articles of diet being smuggled into hydropathic houses are very amusing. But if a patient will insist on drinking unlawful beer at Malvern, what chance would there be of his abstaining at his own home? In this point the hydropathist has an advantage over the ordinary practitioner, which may account for a large part of his success. If a man is not to drink beer or wine, the safest course is not to put beer or wine before him. But if he is sitting at his own table he must offer these liquors to his friends, and will be tempted to partake of them himself. Thus it is that the force of custom is found irresistible.

Our author has a chapter on diet, which is very sensible, but he might just as well preach to the wind as write it. He has not much to say against breakfast, because it is taken early, and there is plenty of time before night for the stomach to dispose of "the greasy, peppered, and boiling abominations" which are put into it. He warns women that they do themselves as much harm by excesses in drinking tea as men do with beer, wine, and spirits. One large cupfull of tea is sufficient in the morning, "especially if the wholesome hydropathic custom be observed of drinking a tumbler of fresh water on getting up." We have quoted these words in order to remark upon them how many are the houses where a tumbler of what deserves to be called fresh water is not to be had. Besides the quality of tea which many women drink, the temperature at which they drink it is objectionable. But if there be a habit which is ineradicable, it is probably that of drinking tea near boiling-point. As gentlemen love their wine or cigars so ladies love their tea, and they love it strong, sweet, and boiling. Cowper has much to answer for in having written an often-quoted line. Because tea does not get into the head, people think that they may drink any quantity of it. The most innocent meal of the day is lunch or early dinner, where scalding tea does not appear, and the food is usually plain, or, if not plain, there is time for the stomach to get over its task before bed-time. "But it is at the late dinner of three courses, followed by dessert, wine, and coffee, that our dietetic system reaches the climax of refined absurdity." The author's censure is indisputably just, only he seems to forget that there are people in the world who must choose between dining at seven or eight o'clock and not dining at all; although, certainly, these persons are under no necessity to partake of three courses and dessert. We cannot all time our meals and our walks as exactly as if we were hydropathic patients; and besides, some of us have to use our minds, which is another point of difference. There was living, a few years ago, a retired Indian officer, who, like the author of this book, required repair when he came home, and was endeavouring to get it under some sort of medical treatment in a London suburb. He had come into the city by an omnibus to see the Royal Exchange, which was then a novelty. Just as he had entered the building and was beginning to look about him, it occurred to him to pull out his watch. "Ah!" said he, "if I take the next omnibus back to Bayswater, I shall be just in time for my mutton chop." He did take the omnibus accordingly, and left the Royal Exchange unseen. Unfortunately, there are many persons with whom other claims are paramount to those of "my mutton chop," and such persons are not taken much account of in the hydropathic system, which rather seems to be constructed for the special benefit of Indian officers home on leave. It is observable that the author scarcely ventures to assert that the water treatment would be efficacious without the air and diet, and we doubt whether he could honestly deny that the air and diet would be efficacious without the water treatment. If he could only persuade the ordinary Londoner to listen to his dietetic teaching, there is no saying what improvements in health he might not effect; but the ordinary Londoner will do nothing of the kind. "Physiology lays an absolute veto on the usual late dinner," but the only thing that keeps any of us from going daily through the whole of the solemn business is want of means or time. "The less liquid taken at meals the better." Books, and learned ones, have been written upon the question of what wine is suitable to what meat, and here is another book which tells us that we are not to drink any wine at all, and only a little water. The hydropathic patient drinks water copiously, but not at meals. After vigorously denouncing several other features of the dinner, the author goes on to say that the dessert is even more absurd in its conventional

unwholesomeness than the dinner. "There is a time for all things, and experience has shown that eight o'clock at night is not the time for eating apples and pears." The author condemns wine after dinner even more emphatically than he does wine at dinner. We may some of us dispute his principles, and we shall none of us adopt his practice; but, nevertheless, we must confess that the following picture of gentlemen after dinner is only too near the truth: —

For the rest of the evening they are oppressed, stupid, and sleepy. Conversation is a bore to them, and locomotion an unpleasant exertion. In vain they try to rouse their drooping energies with strong coffee, boiling tea, or perhaps an exhilarating muffin. When they go to bed, their rest is disturbed by horrible dreams; and they rise in the morning with parched throats, heavy heads, and bad tempers.

This passage suggests one remark, with which we will conclude. If, in spite of the author's objections, dinners are to continue as they are, why should not such of the company as feel so disposed be allowed to go to sleep afterwards? Nobody can pretend that a man who is striving with all his might to keep awake contributes to the general cheerfulness; but if he were allowed to doze for a quarter of an hour, perhaps he might. But the subject is too important to be thus brought in at the tail-end of an article — it deserves an article to itself.

MARSH'S ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

WE are glad, in the midst of American disputes and warfare to receive from one of our New England brethren a valuable contribution to the study of our common tongue. Mr. Marsh is not a new acquaintance; and, amid some important differences of opinion from ourselves, we have always recognised in him a real love of his subject, and a thorough acquaintance with it. In the present series of lectures he carries on the history of the English language and of English literature from its very beginnings down to the reign of Elizabeth. The point chosen for a break is a natural one. Mr. Marsh's object is mainly philological; but to trace the history of English literature later than Elizabeth would be matter of criticism rather than of philology. Mr. Marsh throughout keeps himself up to the newest lights, and makes good use of some of the volumes published in the series of *Chronicles and Memorials*. The writings of Bishop Pecock, for instance, are among the most important materials for both the literary and the philological history of the fifteenth century. He is a prose writer worthy to be read for his own sake, and his language still retains several old Teutonic forms which have since dropped out of our tongue. The point chosen by Mr. Marsh is also a good one in another way. Down to the fifteenth century, whatever changes took place in the language were unconscious. Forms were changed, words were introduced, not from any set purpose of this or that man, but according to the general laws of linguistic change. One writer leaned more to the Teutonic, another to the Romance element; but the preference was not a conscious or deliberate one — it was the silent result of his position, his education, or his unconscious taste. But with the revival of classical learning came in the deliberate introduction of Latinisms, and this was met, to some small extent, by a deliberate Teutonic reaction. Sir John Cheke, for instance, in his specimen of a translation of the New Testament, coined a number of purely Teutonic compounds, just as a German might do still, to replace the Latin technical terms which had already been adopted. Mr. Marsh gives a considerable list. Most of them have quite perished, as "foreshewer," for "prophet," and "outborn," for "alien;" but "byword" and "freshman," if they really are of Cheke's invention, still survive — though, the latter at least, not quite in the sense in which he used them.

We have an old battle to fight with Mr. Marsh, which we may as well clear off before we enter on any of the other points in his book. This is as to the name by which we ought to call the Teutonic inhabitants of this island, and their speech, up to the year 1066. They themselves, as soon as they formed one united nation, called themselves Englishmen; their Celtic neighbours called them Saxons; most modern writers call them Saxons also. We prefer to call them English, both as being more historically accurate, and because the use of the word "Saxon" and "English" as chronological terms is thoroughly misleading. If we call our forefathers "Saxons" up to some certain or uncertain point, and call them "Englishmen" after that point, we unavoidably suggest the notion that "Saxons" were, like "Britons," something different from "Englishmen," and not simply the same nation in an earlier stage. But this use of "Saxon" is so common that we should never think of stopping to censure every writer who falls into it; indeed, the force of habit is so strong that we may, now and then, fall into it ourselves. But we do stop to praise a writer who, like Professor Craik, uses the correct word, and we do stop to argue with one who, like Mr. Marsh, argues against the use of the correct word. This we did when we reviewed Mr. Marsh's former set of lectures †, and we now have what we take to be his rejoinder, which has rather puzzled us: —

Many recent inquirers believe that the Continental invaders, of Gothic

* *The Origin and History of the English Language, and of the Early Literature it embodies.* By George P. Marsh. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1862.

† *Saturday Review*, May 19, 1860.

origin, who reduced Celtic England to subjection a few centuries after Christ, emigrated from a small district in Sleswick now called Angeln, and were all of one race—the Angles,—that the designation Saxon was not the proper appellation of any of them, but a name ignorantly bestowed upon them by the native Celts, and at last, to some small extent, adopted by themselves. It is hence argued that the proper name of their language is not Saxon, or even Anglo-Saxon, but Angle, or, in the modern form, English. It is further insisted that the present speech of England is nearly identical with the dialect introduced into the island by the immigrants in question, and consequently, that there is no ground for distinguishing the old and the new by different names, it being sufficient to characterize the successive periods and phases of the Anglican speech by epithets indicative of mere chronological relation, saying, for instance, for Anglo-Saxon, old, or primitive English,—for our present tongue, new, or modern English.

I differ from these theorists as to both premises and conclusion. By those who maintain such doctrines, it appears to be assumed that if the evidence upon which it has been hitherto believed that the immigration was composed of three different tribes,—Jutes, or Jutlanders, Angles, and Saxons,—could be overthrown, it would follow that it consisted of Angles alone. This is altogether *non sequitur*; and it must not be forgotten that the only historical proof which establishes the participation of a tribe called Angles in the invasions of the fifth and sixth centuries at all is precisely the evidence which is adduced to show that Saxons accompanied or followed them. It must be admitted, indeed, that the extant direct testimony upon the whole subject is open to great objections, and that scarcely any of the narrative accounts of the Germanic conquest of England will stand the test of historical criticism. That the new-comers themselves styled portions of the territory they occupied Essex, Sussex, Wessex, and Middlesex,—that is, the districts of the East Saxons, South Saxons, West Saxons, and Middle Saxons,—is undisputed; and it is a violently improbable supposition, that they bestowed on these localities a name mistakenly applied to themselves by the natives, instead of calling them by their own proper and familiar national, or at least tribal, appellation. They also often spoke of themselves, or of portions of themselves, as Saxons, of their language as the Saxon speech, and Alfred's usual royal signature was "Rex Saxonum," though, indeed, they more generally called the whole people and the language Angle, or English.—Pp. 43-44.

Now, as to the theory which Mr. Marsh here fights against, we can only say that we not only never maintained it, but that we never heard of it. We should certainly be very sorry to commit ourselves to any theory as to the exact spot from which the Teutonic conquerors of Britain came. Nor did we ever hear of any one maintaining that "the designation Saxon was not the proper appellation of any of them, but a name ignorantly bestowed upon them by the native Celts, and, at last, to some small extent, adopted by themselves." Mr. Marsh gives no reference, and we therefore really do not know with whom he is fighting. If it is with ourselves, we can only say that he has utterly misconceived our meaning. If it is with anybody else, we shall be glad to join forces with him in some of his operations. But, anyhow, he obliges us to restate our own case, rather against our will, as people must, by this time, be getting rather tired of the discussion. We never doubted that the Saxons formed an important portion of the great Teutonic immigration into Britain, and that the word "Saxon" is used with perfect accuracy when it is applied to the people or to the language of Wessex, Sussex, Essex, and Middlesex. Nor did we ever doubt that the word "Anglo-Saxon" is the most correct, because the most full, description of the nation formed by the union of the Angles and Saxons. We object to the word "Anglo-Saxon" only because, in common usage, it has got quite another meaning, and is, therefore, misleading. All that we say is that the united nation of Angles and Saxons did not call themselves Saxons, but sometimes Anglo-Saxons, and, more commonly, simply Angles, or English. In the chronicles of the time we do not read, as we do in a modern book, of the opposition of Normans and *Saxons*, but of Normans and *English*. This is all our case, and it proves nothing against us to show that men, in the *Saxon districts*, called themselves and their language "Saxon." Of course they did. Alfred often called himself "Rex Saxonum;" it was his most obvious title. His dominions nearly coincided with the Saxon part of England. "Rex West-Saxorum" was not enough—"Rex Anglorum Saxonum" was too much. But his successors, Kings of all England, called themselves, not "Reges Saxonum," but "Reges Anglorum Saxonum," or simply "Reges Anglorum." Even before the union of the nations, even in the days of Gregory and *Æthelberht*, the name "Anglus" is constantly applied to Saxons and Jutes, but the word "Saxon" is very seldom, if ever (except by Celts), applied to Angles. The local Saxons, as Mr. Marsh truly says, often called themselves and their language "Saxon." Why should they not? But, as Mr. Marsh admits, they also often called it "English;" that is to say, to adopt his own distinction, "English" is a "national," and "Saxon" only a "tribal appellation."

We do not know how far Mr. Marsh would allow that it follows from our case, as we have just put it, that "Old-English" is the best name for the native speech of Alfred and *Æthelstan*. But we must again let him state his own case:

There is little force in the argument, that we ought to call the language of King Alfred English because his contemporaries usually so styled it. That appellation has been irrevocably transferred to the present speech of England, and has become its exclusive right. To designate by one term things logically distinct is to purchase simplicity of nomenclature at the expense of precision of thought; and there is no linguistic test by which the identity of Anglo-Saxon and modern English can be established. . . . To call by the same name a language like the Anglo-Saxon—whose vocabulary is mainly derived from the single Gothic stock, and whose syntax is regulated by inflection—and a language like the English—more than one half of whose words are borrowed from Romance, or other remotely related sources, and whose syntax depends upon auxiliaries, particles, and position—would lead to a mischievous confusion of ideas, and an entire misconception of our true philological position and relations.

A modern Italian guide, in conducting the traveller over an ancient field of battle, and pointing out the positions of the hostile forces—old Romans and their Gallic, Epirotic, or Carthaginian enemies—will speak of the

Romans as *in nostrali*, our troops; yet no man insists on giving a common name to the Latin and Italian, or Latin and Spanish, or Latin and Portuguese, though either of these living languages is much more closely allied to the speech of ancient Rome, than is modern English to Anglo-Saxon. It is true we can frame sentences, and even write pages upon many topics without employing words of Romance or other foreign origin; but none would think it possible to compose an epic, a tragedy, a metaphysical or a critical discussion wholly in Anglo-Saxon. On the other hand, entire volumes may be written in either of the three Southern Romance languages on almost any subject, except modern mechanical and scientific pursuits and achievements, with as close a conformity to the Latin syntax as English construction exhibits to Anglo-Saxon, and at the same time, without employing any but Latin roots, and that in so natural and easy a style that the omission of borrowed words would never be noticed by the reader.—Pp. 56-57.

The fallacy here lies in the words "transferred," "allied." When the language of Greece got to be called *Roman* (*Romaic*), when the language of Holland got to be (in English) called *Dutch*, we may accurately say that the names *Roman* and *Dutch* were "transferred" to those languages. But the name "English" has never been "transferred" from one language to another. The language has gone on constantly changing, but being called "English" all the time. The changes which it has undergone are exactly the same in kind, though more extensive in degree, as the changes which have been undergone by the other Teutonic languages. All have lost some of their inflexions, all have introduced a certain proportion of Romance words. Mr. Marsh, when speaking of the change from "Anglo-Saxon" to "English," constantly uses, doubtless quite unconsciously, words which apply only to cases where one language has *supplanted* another, as English has supplanted Cornish in Cornwall, as Latin supplanted Celtic in Gaul, or as English supplanted French in England as the language of polite society. In all these cases the change must have been very gradual; but there was, if one only knew it, a definite time when it began and when it ended. The change from "Anglo-Saxon" to "English" is simply that gradual sort of change which is always affecting all languages, only a little hastened and intensified by the circumstances of the time. Undoubtedly they are, in one sense, two languages—that is, they are not mutually intelligible. Historically, they are the same language in its earlier and in its later form. And their identity is the point on which it is necessary for the teacher to insist; their diversity the learner will easily find out for himself.

To the analogy which Mr. Marsh draws from the Romance languages several objections occur. We do not think that, philosophically, the change from Old-English to modern English is so great as the change from Latin to French. And it may well be doubted, as Mr. Marsh himself explains elsewhere, how far the Romance languages, Italian above all, really come from the classical Latin. But the great difference is that several languages have sprung—if they have sprung—from the Latin, while only one has sprung from the "Anglo-Saxon." We must give the Romance languages distinct names, to distinguish them, not from their parent, but from one another. If only Italian existed, and there were no such thing as French, Provençal, Spanish, and Wallachian, it would probably be found convenient to speak of Old-Latin and modern Latin. As it is, the formula is impossible. The best parallel to the history of English is the history of Greek. Modern Greek—that is, real Modern Greek, Kleptic Greek, not the artificial Greek of the newspapers—has departed quite as far from the language of Homer as modern English has from the language of Beowulf. Yet we call both Greek, distinguishing them as Ancient and Modern. But, if three or four different nations all spoke tongues derived from Ancient Greek, we should have to distinguish them as we do French and Italian.

Again, Mr. Marsh adds a note:—

The eminent German scholar Pauli, in his *Life of Alfred*, p. 123, speaks of the Anglo-Saxon "vehicle of the laws" as "the German language," which he may certainly do with as great propriety as others call the Anglo-Saxon, English. If the language of Alfred was at once German and English, we must admit that it is not a misnomer to style the dialect of Shakespeare, *Platt-Deutsch*.—Pp. 56-57.

It is rather unlucky that Germans use, and perhaps hardly can help using, the word "Deutsch" in two senses. Sometimes it means "Teutonic" in general. Sometimes it distinctively means modern High-Dutch—the "German" that we learn to read and speak. Dr. Pauli might, with perfect accuracy, call the language of Alfred "Deutsch" in the former sense, and in that sense it was "at once German and English." We do not see how it follows that "the dialect of Shakespeare" should be called "Platt-Deutsch;" but in a certain sense it would not be inaccurate. English is undoubtedly a "Platt-Deutsch" or "Low-Dutch" language, as distinguished from the other branches of the Teutonic stock.

We are sorry to have had this controversy with Mr. Marsh at starting, because it has left us but little space to point out many things in his book which are well worthy of attention. Except where he is pursued by this one fallacy and its necessary results, his comments are commonly sound and acute, and his collection of illustrations is specially valuable. Indeed, nothing can serve better than his own book to refute his own theory, as he shows at every step the perfectly gradual way in which the English language assumed its present form—a process altogether different from the substitution of one language for another. In truth, both processes were going on in England at the same time. While English was gradually dropping its inflexions, and adopting a Romance element into its vocabulary, it was also gradually supplanting French as the language of the higher classes. Of course, one process had an effect upon the other. As the French-

speaking classes gradually learned to speak English, they naturally brought a number of French words with them into their newly-acquired tongue. Mr. Marsh fully understands one point which, we think, is not commonly understood—namely, how soon after the Conquest English began to be spoken by men of Norman descent. The point which has commonly drawn attention to itself has been the time when they ceased to speak French—in forgetfulness of the time, necessarily very much earlier, when they began to speak English. The bilingual period must have lasted long and had many stages. There must have been a time when they spoke French among themselves, but could speak English on occasion. This must have been followed by a time when they spoke English among themselves, but still used French for literary and official purposes. It is certain that, as early as the thirteenth century, men of the highest rank understood English; but French was then, and long after, the language of ordinary intercourse among themselves.

On the whole, Mr. Marsh is stronger in the literary than in the purely philological part of his lectures. We do not think that he enters into the early condition either of a people or of its language. Hence his strange depreciation of the *Chronicle*, and his low estimate of English intellect in the thirteenth century. He says:—

We can hardly imagine a finer subject in itself, or one which appealed more powerfully to the sympathies and prejudices of the time, and especially to the national pride of Englishmen, if any such were felt, than the crusades of Richard Cœur de Lion; and it would infallibly have inspired poetry, if, in an age when tales of wild adventure were so popular, any poetical genius had existed in the people. I cannot find, however, that, at that period, the exploits of Richard had been made the subject of any original English poem, and the only early work we have on the subject, in an English dress, belongs to the following century, and is avowedly translated from the French.—P. 226.

The obvious answer is—How could the successes of an Angevin tyrant awaken any national pride in Englishmen? Go on a generation or two, and when events happened which could really awaken national pride, Englishmen were not silent. The praises both of Earl Simon and of King Edward were sung in Latin and in French, but they were sung in plain English also.

THE SOURCES OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

FOR the last two or three years the press of Paris has been wonderfully prolific, and in the numbers of its offspring has far surpassed the publishing activity of every other European capital. This exuberant fertility is, no doubt, favourable to the production of much which, if not absolutely worthless, is merely ephemeral. There are, however, very numerous exceptions to the average mediocrity. Many real students have of late produced, either in the form of essay or criticism, very valuable contributions to contemporary literature. Among the better class of literary men there seems to prevail a remarkable disposition to follow out literary or historical researches in a careful and conscientious manner. It may be true that the Second Empire has not yet been made illustrious by the appearance of any single work that will take its place among the great classics of France; but there can be no question that literature, generally speaking, is in as favourable a condition as it was during the reign of Louis Philippe. And it may well be that the Imperial system, which excludes all free discussion from the arena of politics, has induced many active-minded men to devote to literary studies the energies which might otherwise have been given to politics. At the present moment the questions which most interest France and Europe are forbidden ground to all except the slavish advocates of Napoleonism. No French thinker can venture to speak his mind on the Roman question, or even on the Mexican expedition; but there is ample liberty to prosecute philosophical inquiries into the state of opinion in the age of Charlemagne, or the administration of France in the reign of Henri IV. Fortunately, the history of France and its language is an inexhaustible mine, and we have every reason to be grateful to those who explore it with so much zeal and patience. Each new investigation may add something to our knowledge of bygone times, and is made more valuable when followed out with the rules of scientific examination and the light of modern history. Of late years a vast deal has been done for French history. Many important manuscripts have been printed and carefully edited at the expense of the Government, and the modern school of French historians has deservedly earned a very high reputation. Much, however, will always remain to be done where the materials are so rich and the subject so vast. Notwithstanding the labours of Guizot and Thierry, there is ample room for new comers, who only labour under the disadvantage of having to follow leaders whose achievements it may prove difficult to equal.

The aim of M. Moland's essay is rather an ambitious one, and its title seems to promise more than is performed; it is, however, a very useful contribution to the history of early French literature, and is obviously the result of long and careful study of a very difficult subject. He proposes to trace the development of three branches of French literature, starting from the period when the debased Latin passed into the French of the tenth and eleventh centuries. He successively examines the early romances and legends in prose, the origin of the drama, and the language and character of the early French preaching. These three forms of intellectual development, apparently so distinct, all sprang from the same

origin. They were all the offspring of the Church, and in different ways they all attempted to give expression to a religious and devotional sentiment. Romance, in the first instance, was intimately connected with, or rather formed a portion of, the religious legend. It soon became distinct from it, but long retained the traces of its origin. Similarly, the drama was, in its infancy, purely sacerdotal. It remained so for a considerable time. Gradually it included profane as well as sacred subjects, but it was not till the sixteenth century that it wholly lost its primitive character. The use of the French language by ecclesiastics in the churches was doubtless simultaneous with its employment in legend and romance, as it was the only mode by which they could make themselves intelligible to the people; but the vulgar tongue found little favour with the clergy, and there are in consequence but few examples remaining of sermons in the early French. Sermons were probably composed in Latin, and translated into the vernacular dialect; but if they were preserved, it was usually in the Latin language. This appears from the sermons of St. Bernard, of which a manuscript in French is extant. There is little reason to doubt that they must have been composed in Latin and afterwards translated. It was not till a much later age that French became the usual language of ecclesiastics. They were necessarily obliged to preserve a knowledge of Latin, and it was one of the many obstacles to the diffusion of learning that the only class which possessed any cultivation wrote, and frequently spoke, a language which had been gradually supplanted among the people by the new dialects. The formation of the new languages in Italy, France, and Spain was a slow and laborious process. It took a long time for them to acquire the accuracy and refinement necessary for a written language. The clergy were using a foreign tongue which in their hands had lost all its beauty and power, and it followed that, though they were by no means illiterate during what are called the dark ages, they produced little that possessed either vigour or originality. The people, on the other hand, spoke languages that were in state of transition, and which were only reduced into form when the learned ecclesiastics at length condescended to make use of them. There is, it is believed, little French writing extant which can be shown to be earlier than the eleventh century, though no doubt the language was extensively employed in songs and in poetry. A hundred years later, about the time of the First Crusade, French and Provençal were distinct languages, wanting neither in refinement or flexibility. It was the age of song and metrical romances, and marks an important step in the progress of European civilization.

To this period also belong the earliest prose romances. They have, perhaps, received less attention than the poetry of the same age, though not less deserving of consideration for the light which they throw on the formation of the French language, as well as for their bearing on the intellectual history of those times. Besides this, the prose romances are of colossal bulk, and have been for the most part known only through the very imperfect reprints of the sixteenth century. But, in M. Moland's view, they form an exact counterpart to the metrical romances and *Chansons de Geste* of the same period. The former were intended to be read—the latter to be recited or declaimed. They are the work of a peculiar class; they describe the manners and feelings of a feudal aristocracy, and they serve to illustrate a remarkable revolution in society. It is in these works that may be detected the first germs of modern thought and feeling, and of influences which in some measure are still felt.

The first portion of M. Moland's essay is devoted to an examination of the *Romance of Saint Graal* and the *Round Table*. His view is that, though in its present shape it unquestionably belongs to the twelfth century, it was then only a reproduction, in a new form, of a work which was already of some antiquity. The basis of it he conceives may have been furnished by some of the numerous legends which were carried from Asia to the western nations of Europe, and which were mixed up with the history of their conversion to Christianity, and in its earliest form it had the character of a spiritual allegory. In those parts of the cycle which appear to be most ancient, an exclusively theological idea and a religious purpose are apparent. At the beginning of the period of chivalry, that institution was sacerdotal and monastic in spirit. The Church only looked upon it as a religious institution and a military priesthood. To quote M. Moland:—

It cannot be contested that about the eleventh century the Latin Book of Saint Graal was designed to trace out the chivalrous ideal which, at the same date, it was sought to realize in the Order of the Temple. It laid down, so to speak, the terms of the union of austerity with heroism, of bravery with faith. It proposed the purity and chastity of the priest for the knightly warrior, and endeavoured to extend to the army of soldiers the same reform which Gregory VII. had imposed upon the priesthood.

We believe that this was the spirit and design of the work written in Latin which the Norman compilers designate the *vieille histoire* and the *haute histoire*. In some portions of the French Cycle, especially in the Romance of Saint Graal, it is clear from the evidence of the translation that the romance writers of the twelfth century followed the original to which they refer with tolerable fidelity. But the severe ideal conceived by the monastic spirit was not destined to triumph. The passion for adventure, for dangerous enterprises, for brilliant feats of arms, increased steadily. Chivalry discarded a belief in ascetic purity for that passionate idolatry of woman which soon became its first duty and motive. Thus, the profane element soon preponderated over the ecclesiastical one. When nobles or complaisant ecclesiastics remodelled and amplified the old work, they introduced innumerable episodes to gratify modern tastes. They mixed with the mystical pictures of the old book others more fitted to flatter the imagination of their readers. These are not the only incompatible influences which made the vast cycle of fiction so

* *Origines Littéraires de la France.* Par Louis Moland. Didier et Compagnie. Paris: 1862.

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discordant with itself. The book is made, not only to express contradictory ideas, but it has been worked at by races essentially different in feeling. Originally, it was manifestly the fruit of the Celtic genius, of which it possessed the principal characteristics; then *la haute histoire* suddenly fell into other hands, and the Norman genius took up and continued the work of the Breton.

Upon this principle M. Moland believes that the *Cycle of Saint Grail* is to be interpreted, and that it may be considered as the most important literary monument of the efforts to carry out the theocratic principle in the eleventh century—efforts which soon failed utterly, and which were afterwards condemned by the Popes themselves. The Romances of *Saint Graal* and the *Round Table* were expressly prohibited by the Court of Rome in the fourteenth century, at the same time that the Order of Templars was abolished. We regret, on a subject so interesting, that we can only indicate the reasoning upon which this view is founded.

The next source of French literature consists of the legends, sacred and profane, which possess a partly religious and partly historical character. The legends of the medieval church do not form a complete cycle like the book of *Saint Graal*, but rather resemble the fantastic and brilliant illuminations on the margin of the sacred text. They were, however, essentially a part of the popular literature, and, like the romances, sprang immediately from the Church. From them, too, descended in a direct line the dramatic compositions called *Mysteries*, from which undoubtedly the theatre of modern Europe was derived.

The earliest remains of French sermons which can be considered an authentic specimen of French preaching are found in a manuscript containing a series of short instructions for each Sunday in the year, which are attributed to the Bishop of Paris, Maurice de Sully. The style of these discourses is some evidence of their authenticity and their design. They are evidently composed for a popular and ignorant audience. There is neither scholastic subtlety, allegory, nor science. The ideas are precise and practical, the illustrations familiar, and taken from every-day life. There are sometimes introduced legends for minds with an appetite, like that of children, for the marvellous. It was the commencement of French preaching. These discourses were for a long time the model of the instructions that were addressed every Sunday to the congregation. There are many copies of them which belong to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The other collections of this class belong to pretty nearly the same age, and are in style and character the same. But much of the best preaching was still in Latin. Thus the growth of French eloquence, and the development of the language in preaching and public speaking, was retarded. In the second half of the fourteenth century, and the beginning of the next, there was a remarkable religious and political movement. As society became more civilized, the power and the influence of the practised speaker increased. The same faculties were equally useful to the ambitious layman and to the ecclesiastic. Thus was gradually formed the school of eloquence, and the rich and powerful language, which reached its full maturity in the sermons of Massillon and Bossuet.

Thus it will be seen that the French intellect in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was already full of activity. The first impulse in every branch of thought came from the Church. But as cultivation became more general, the Church ceased to have the exclusive control of letters and science. Romances were no longer theological; and the dramatic mysteries, though for a long time they preserved traces of their origin, gradually changed in character. But in each case the transition was slow, and necessarily coincided with the general advance of society. It is M. Moland's aim to mark these epochs of change, and to show how the civilization of the middle ages was created, and how it passed into the Renaissance and modern history. The result of all such investigations always proves the inseparable connexion in thought and feeling between successive ages; and that, however far we go back, we can never reach the fountain head. It is now no longer the fashion to assume that there was ever a period of utter darkness during the middle ages. It certainly was not so in France. As we learn from M. Guizot, in his *History of the Civilization of Europe*, in spite of incursions of barbarians and endless confusion the thread of Roman civilization was never broken. Learning was still preserved by the Church; and some remains of Roman law still subsisted. The seventh century was probably the darkest; but after the age of Charlemagne the progress of learning became more conspicuous. From that date onwards the so-called modern languages were in process of formation, till, as we have seen, in the twelfth century they suddenly appeared in all the luxuriance of spontaneous growth. The French of Paris in the nineteenth century is the legitimate successor of the Norman Wallon, in which the *Romance of the Round Table* and the *Assize of Jerusalem* were written. The history of this language and literature must be always full of interest, and the study of it cannot fail to be of use:—

They teach us how the intellectual wealth and moral grandeur of France were formed. Far from diminishing our admiration for the writers of the best periods, and the poets of the highest order, they show us how their advent had been arranged and timed to produce their powerful and correct genius. They enable us better to appreciate the immortal *chefs-d'œuvre* which can never be forgotten or exhausted. They have, too, another effect; they enlarge the horizon of our vision. Whilst they give us the habit of looking even beyond those great monuments which for many minds exclude everything else, they at the same time prevent us from judging with too much partiality the works of our own time. They help to keep us from being discouraged, and warn us alike not to finish the history of our literature too soon, or to begin it too late.

In dealing with a work of this kind, we must be content to give a very general outline of the mode in which the subject is handled, for our space will not permit us to dwell upon details. There is much in M. Moland's volume that is extremely interesting. The materials are treated in a clear and scholarlike manner, and the different essays of which it is made up are all connected in purpose, and serve in turn to illustrate the plan of inquiry laid down by the author.

BURKE'S FATAL EXPLORING EXPEDITION IN AUSTRALIA.*

THE question has been asked before now, and has sometimes been thought amusing, "What is a man like in the midst of a desert, without meat or drink?" We will take it for granted that the reader knows the answer; nor can the melancholy illustration which question and answer received from the evil fate of the Australian explorers of 1860 have yet faded from the memory of any. The expedition, of which the volume before us traces the career to its finish, sums the catastrophe, and writes the epitaph, may be paired with that of Franklin and his hapless crew, in the gallant struggle of human endurance, overmatched by the stern, pitiless, and unyielding barrenness of nature. The risks run were as great, we will not say they were as inevitable—on that point more anon—the sufferings were probably as severe, the outburst of unavailing sorrow has stirred a sympathy hardly less extensive, and only less extensive owing to the lot of the latter being cast in the almost classical locality of polar adventure, on which the eyes of admiring mankind had been fixed for two generations of voyagers. The problem was to draw a line of route across Australia from Melbourne, on the south, to the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the north side, and to bring back a report of the land traversed as regards its capability for maintaining settlers. Other tracks had been struck through the same wilderness by two explorers named Sturt and Gregory, west and east respectively of the line taken by this last and most disastrous one; yet, with the experience of those early adventurers to guide them, the explorers of 1860 failed to avoid a fatal issue, involving the deaths of three out of four of the most advanced party, and of one or more of those who were to co-operate as reserves.

The most obvious criticism— one which would occur indeed to an intelligent child with the map of Australia before him—is this, Why was the risk of a return by land encountered at all? A well found coaster, particularly if aided by steam, would have run from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria in a month at most. Every result of the expedition was achieved when the travellers proceeded down the "Flinders River," till, "finding that the tide ebbed and flowed regularly, and that the water was quite salt, they determined on returning." The chapter which records their reaching this landmark commences its heading with the words, "The object of the expedition accomplished." Here, then, should have been the point for a cessation, if possible, of hardships, privations, and perils. Yet the conditions which they had imposed on themselves at this very point became, for the first time, painful, soon disastrous, before long gloomy, and at last desperate. It is remarkable how easily, from all appearances, their rescue from all this succession of appalling privation and deepening distress might have been effected by a snug clipper schooner with a stock of comforts and a doctor on board. Their salvation might have come from the sea; but from the moment that they turned their backs upon it, the weather took a turn for the worse, the ground became difficult, the baggage animals grew feeble, the men became sickly. One, who was at first suspected of "shamming," proved that he was ill by dying; and the very digging of his grave, in their then enfeebled state, made a serious difference in the turn of the scales which were weighted with life and death for them. The contest with hunger and weariness soon grew desperate. Of three who were, at this point of their adventures, the emaciated survivors, two pushed off, on a forlorn hope, to follow a track where they hoped to find a camp of natives, by whose aid to bridge the gulf that yawned between them and the land of plenty in the South. These two—Burke, the leader, and King—left Wills, the third, who had conducted the more scientific duties of the journey, at his own request, in a "gunyah," or native hut, with such provisions as could be spared. Burke staggered on, with death in every stride, for two days, when exhausted nature could perform her functions no more. He cast away his "swag," or slender burden of necessities, to give his feebleness a chance for yet a few hours more; but though his gallant heart never failed, his limbs gave way under him, and he lay down in the vast wilderness to die. His lone follower, whom he expressly forbade—it was the dying chief's last behest—to incur the fatigue of burying him, had a physical tenacity of constitution which enabled him to wander back to the "gunyah," but only to find the wasted corpse of the comrade whom he and Burke had left, and to stand alone in that fearful wild, like the "Last Man" of the poet's vision, with a prospect before him of which it wrings the heart to think.

On the supposition that co-operation by sea was possible, all this sad chapter need never have been written. Even the baggage-cattle might mostly have been saved. Or, again, if difficulties of weather and anchorage interfered with a vessel's waiting on the coast for the party's arrival at the sea, it seems conceivable that

* Robert O'Hara Burke and the Australian Exploring Expedition of 1860. By Andrew Jackson. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862.

they might, after forming their main dépôt at Cooper's Creek — a sort of halfway house, in rough measurement, between the two coast-lines — have sent the exploring party round by sea, landed them on the shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and started them thence towards Cooper's Creek southwards, with less incumbrance of baggage and supplies than those with which they left it northwards. They would thus have had two bases of operation instead of one, and exactly half the amount of journey to be performed on the provisions carried with them. That there would have been some difficulties which we do not perceive in this plan is very likely; but we cannot, without further evidence, suppose that they were such as to weigh against the lighter risk of life which might thus have been secured.

Although the outlines of the plan actually pursued are simple in themselves, and were impressed on the public mind by the weight of the disasters which attended its execution, we will briefly recapitulate them, in order to depict more vividly the risk, and show how fearful was the issue courted, which, we venture to think, might have been declined. The river Murray, most of whose feeders descend from the auriferous mountains of Victoria, which rise between the coast-strip of Melbourne on the south and its basin on the north of their line, may be regarded as the farthest frontier of the territory within reach of the resources of civilization. About a hundred and forty miles due north, or a little east of it, from the junction of its feeder, the river Darling, which descends from the extension of the same mountain chain along the eastern coast towards Moreton and Hervey Bay, with the main stream of the river Murray, lies Menindie, a principal point of departure for the line of communication which the explorers, striking northwards into the wilderness, were to leave in their rear. Burke and his entire party, consisting of twelve Europeans or Australian Englishmen, besides a Sepoy and a couple of natives, with a train of camels imported at much expense from Asia, and a large number of horses, left Menindie on October 19, 1860: —

Large quantities of dried meat, flour, biscuit, sugar, forage for the camels and horses, as well as an abundant supply of veterinary and other medicines, were supplied to the value of nearly 5,000*l.* These were calculated to last for twelve months, and were not intended to be trenchanted upon while the party remained within the bounds of civilization. Nothing that the most anxious care could suggest, to provide for the comfort and safety of the explorers, was omitted.

The funds for this purpose were raised by public subscription, of which an "Exploration Fund Committee," under the chairmanship of the Hon. Sir William F. Stowell, Chief Justice of the colony, were the stewards. Leading colonists, several of them of high official position, were its members, and their instructions to Mr. Burke were such as to leave the largest discretion to, and to impose the fewest restrictions on, one weighted with so onerous a responsibility. We can see nothing in the conduct of the Committee which is otherwise than praiseworthy. The original flaw of the expedition seems to have lain in the composition of the body of explorers. Before they left Menindie, a difficulty arose between the captain and his first lieutenant about rum for the camels. This the former thought dangerous for the men, whilst the latter deemed it necessary for the animals, and, when his views were overruled, resigned off-hand — an example which was followed by the pairing-off of the medical officer with him. Looking about to supply, to some extent, this defection, Burke, we are told, "met with a Mr. Wright," who volunteered to show the party a practicable route towards Cooper's Creek, four hundred miles further on, where it had been decided to establish a permanent dépôt. The practicability of the route at the season being questioned, Burke, foremost in the path of danger, pushed on with Wright and a slender exploring party, leaving the bulk of the company at Menindie till the point for the dépôt should be fixed upon, when they were to follow on his traces northwards.

Two hundred miles north of Menindie lies Torowoto. From that point Burke, satisfied that the route was practicable, detached Wright, whom, subject to the Committee's approval, he had named, on this short acquaintance, his third officer — Wills, since the resignation of the officer above mentioned, being now his second — with instructions to bring up from Menindie the remaining stores and the rest of the party to Cooper's Creek, for which point Burke himself pushed on, being anxious not to lose the season most favourable for exploring. There Burke again divided his company, forming a dépôt with a reserve party in charge; and, taking only three persons with him and a small number of camels and horses, he struck out into the great central wild, nearly following the meridian of longitude 140° east. Brahé was left in charge of this reserve, with orders to wait there three months, long before which — in fact within a few days — Wright might be expected to bring up reinforcements from Menindie, and fully within which period Burke reckoned on performing, with his small retinue, the double journey to Carpentaria and back. Wright, in fact, having been detached on the last day of October, was considered due at Cooper's Creek before Burke left it — on December 16. It is proved incontestably, from his own evidence, that he might and should have left Menindie, which he reached early in November, without a moment's delay. His own despatch to the Committee, dated Menindie, December 19, 1860, only states what the evidence of Brahé, M'Donough, and King fully confirms — that he was fully expected by Mr. Burke, and had given the latter full reason to expect him at Cooper's Creek "within a few days, a fortnight at furthest," from December 16, 1860, and that he had received positive instructions so to follow his chief. Further,

Wright distinctly owns to a knowledge of the critical importance of his compliance with those instructions, in the following words: —

As I have every reason to believe that Mr. Burke has pushed on from Cooper's Creek, relying upon finding the dépôt stored at that watercourse on his return, there is room for the most serious apprehensions as to the safety of himself and party, should he find that he has miscalculated.

Yet he lingered and lost time until those apprehensions were realized. If, indeed, deliberate treachery had been his motive, it could hardly have been more effectually consummated. The Royal Commission who examined and reported on the case declared his conduct "reprehensible in the highest degree," and ascribed to that delay mainly "the disasters of the expedition, with the exception of the death of Gray," adding that "he had failed to give any satisfactory explanation of the causes of that delay." The last two questions put to Wright by the Commission are worth recording: —

Question 1702. — Then it is to be presumed that the Commission may consider that you have no answer to make to reconcile the statement in this despatch with your garbled statement made to the Committee? — I have no particular answer to make to that question.

Question 1703. — It should be pointed out to you, that unless you can answer that question satisfactorily you stand in an awkward position before this Commission? — *No answer.* The witness withdrew.

The crisis of the agonizing drama took place on April 21, 1861. On the morning of that day, Brahé, then at Cooper's Creek, in charge of the stores, having lost two of his party by sickness, and having a third in a dangerous state, decided to stay no longer. His diary there concludes as follows: —

Left the dépôt at ten o'clock, A.M., leaving 50 lbs. of flour, 50 lbs. of oatmeal, 50 lbs. of sugar, and 30 lbs. of rice buried near the stockade at the foot of a large tree, and marked the word "dig," on the tree. . . . We travelled very slowly, and halted at five o'clock, P.M., having made about fourteen miles.

At that very hour — seven hours, i.e., after Brahé's departure — Mr. Burke, with Wills and King, staggered into the deserted dépôt and passed the night; therefore, *within fourteen miles* of the party who had waited so long and anxiously for them, and a re-union with whom would have ensured their rescue! The juncture is quite melodramatic in its highly-wrought intensity of interest. *Exit* Brahé from the dépôt, with the last spark of hope of Burke's return thither extinguished, when enter Burke and two other forlorn wanderers on two exhausted camels, *having made thirty miles that day*, buoyed up for this last desperate effort by the assured hope of finding their friends. After all their privations, and final struggle for home, or what would have been home to them, they reached it to find themselves abandoned in their extremity, with the date and direction on the tree proving that they had so narrowly missed the party whose succour would have stood between them and the further perils of the wilderness. Wills writes under the same date: —

Arrived at the dépôt this evening, just in time to find it deserted. A note left in the plant by Brahé communicates the pleasing information that they have started to-day for the Darling; their camels and horses all well, and in good condition. We and our camels being just done up, and scarcely able to reach the dépôt, have very little chance of overtaking them.

Here, again, was another link in the fatal chain of error. Brahé's statement of his train's travelling powers was too highly coloured. Had the forlorn wanderers known that they were at the distance of only fourteen miles, and were impeded, as was the fact, by a sickly man and scabby cattle, they would have doubtless made an effort to strike out on their track. As it was, they took the fatal choice of another route towards a south-western point, ominously named "Mount Hopeless," but which they never reached; for, their two camels successively failing, they were driven to wander back again to the same dépôt, at Cooper's Creek, which they had left. Their provisions were exhausted, and they were living chiefly on a wild seed of the desert called "nardo," and on such stray fish as they could occasionally pick up from the natives. They reached the dépôt for the second time on May 30, and here again occurs an unaccountable oversight on the part of Brahé and Wright, who had now united their forces — the former returning, after decamping from the Creek, towards the Darling — the latter going tardily north. These careless coadjutors had, on their thus encountering, turned back towards Cooper's Creek together, with a lingering hope that Burke might have come in. They visited the dépôt, peeped and poked about, but neglected to raise the "plant" in which Burke had buried the record of his visit and disappointment. They spent a bare quarter of an hour there, and came away without, of course, leaving any further store of provisions, or any record of their visit. All that might have put them on the right scent lay buried in those few feet of earth; the desert kept its secret, and they departed; and with their departure vanished the last glimpse of possible rescue for Burke and Wills. Wright accounts for this, their crowning negligence, by a fear that "the blacks" were likely to take up the "plant" if they disturbed it — as if such a dépôt were of any use at all without such risk being run! "Being over-cautious," he says, "I would not take the bottle up to put a note in it."

On the heroism of the forlorn party, whose life-springs famishing was now beginning to sap, it boots not to dwell further. Burke seems to have had every quality which could bring such an expedition to a hopeful issue, except due judgment in the choice of his subordinate officers. Such an undertaking

needs seasoned men, who have proved each other, and know in whom they trust. Burke's previous first officer turned tail on a pique, as we have seen, before starting from Menindie. The gap was filled by Wright, whom he seems to have met by chance while pricking out his path from Menindie, and who was recommended solely by some degree of local knowledge. To this man he gave up, in effect, the keys of life and death for himself and his party; and their miserable but heroic end was the penalty of Wright's forfeiting his trust. Another comrade, Gray, was found pilfering the provisions when they had begun to run short. The last fearful Arctic loss proves that even when men are thus picked and seasoned, and their bond of union braced by discipline, the odds may yet be too great against them. How much more, then, where a party faggoted of such stray sticks as these goes forth to challenge the dread powers of the unknown wild, and to stake the frail resources of man's little life against the frost, the desert, the whirlwind, and the flood!

There is one beautiful tribute to Burke's character which we ought to record. His nurse, at the age of sixty-five, left a comfortable home in Galway, his and her native place, and, "unknown to any one, making use of the savings accumulated to sustain her in her old age, travelled unprotected, alone, with the best feelings of her heart clinging close around him, to try and see her darling once more before she died." She reached the distant land of her loving hope only to find that it contained his grave. There lay the great heart he had heroically squandered. The annals of the vainly brave contain no brighter name than that of Robert O'Hara Burke.

QUEST-CE QU'UN ÉLECTEUR?*

THE question what a French elector is does not seem at first sight very important. There are so very many of them, and they do so exactly as they are told, that it would not seem very interesting to know what the electors are like who uphold the "Chosen of eight millions." But in Paris the feeble sparks of political life which the Emperor permits to remain in existence assume very odd shapes and colours. The mere pleasure of working a constitutional grievance is something when it can be done with impunity; and it probably produces a sort of pride of patriotism in an ingenuous man like M. André Pasquet to prove, without giving offence to any one, that the Constitution is being violated. The particular grievance which M. André Pasquet has fastened on is that the numbers of the Chamber of Deputies are not so great in fact as according to law they ought to be. The Constitution of 1852 declared that there should be a deputy to every 35,000 electors, and each department is divided into districts having as nearly that number as possible, the arrangement of the electoral districts being subject to revision at the end of each five years. But the officials have, according to the author, been guilty of two grave mistakes. They have drawn up lists of electors, and have allowed a deputy to every 35,000 names on the list. Secondly, they have not published the revised arrangement of electoral districts at the exact end of five years, but have a pernicious notion that any time will do before the sixth year is out. The consequence of the first blunder, according to M. André Pasquet, is that there are in the Chamber forty-one deputies fewer than there ought to be; and the consequence of the second blunder is that a man who wishes to have the electoral statistics at his command directly the five years are expired, cannot get them. The first is, however, the greater grievance, and the author sets himself to show that the mistake of the officials has come entirely from their not considering what an elector is. An attentive examination of the law would have convinced them that an elector was simply an adult Frenchman, having a fixed domicile and suffering under no incapacity. An elector is not a person inscribed upon a list, although he cannot exercise his electoral rights until he has placed himself on the list. We must say that M. André Pasquet proves his point to the complete satisfaction of every impartial mind. He feels, however, that his readers will be haunted, in the midst of his most triumphant reasoning, with the thought that it can make no earthly difference whether there are 270 deputies, as at present, or 311, as there ought to be. But he makes at the conclusion an ingenuous appeal to the national pride. He states that even the Austrian Reichsrath is superior in number to the French Chamber, for Austria is blest with 343 deputies. "Serons-nous inférieurs même à l'Autriche?"

It is curious to see what are the political points at which laborious writers in France think it is worth while now to drive. Little straws show which way the wind blows, and we may imagine how completely the great things of politics are hid from the eyes of Paris when an appeal for forty-one more Government nominees is treated as a serious and important matter. Perhaps, too, this little treatise may be taken to indicate how largely even those who are considered liberal in France are at the mercy of phrases and figures. There appears, throughout all that M. André Pasquet says, a deep conviction that democracy is something which can be made to yield a proper arithmetical product, and if it does yield this, then everything is right, because the sum is right. As a political composition, however, this work, although it might be instructive, could scarcely be considered entertaining. But, as a

literary curiosity, it well repays perusal. It is an admirable example of a peculiar kind of French writing. An English traveller has related that he got into company with a Frenchman at Paris, and that, until they arrived at Amiens, his companion explained to him, without intermission, how sandwiches were to be made. He cleared up all doubts as to their being composed of bread and butter, with ham inside, and proved conclusively that, if the ham was outside, the composition would not be a sandwich. This is the way in which M. André Pasquet writes. He is never tired of talking about his sandwich. He will abandon no argument that might be used, simply because it is obvious; nor will he cease to reason because he has proved his point. He goes on grinding his logic, and putting in a clear way what is wholly free from obscurity.

We like best his argument to prove that five years do not mean five years and a half, or five years and three-quarters, but simply five years. He calls on his readers to agree with him that if the last revision was made on February 4, 1857, there ought to have been one made on February 4, this year. If, as he justly observes, the lists of electoral districts ought to have been published in five years from February 4, 1857, and February 4, 1862, was five years from that time, then February 4, 1862, was the day when the lists ought to have been published. But he is not going to have his argument cut short by having the point at issue conceded. He has still five pages more of argument to come. There is the argument from analogy. Consular judges, for example, are appointed to sit for two years. Who ever heard of a consular judge taking on himself to sit for two years and a half? Then there is the argument from the reasonableness of the thing. The list of electoral districts was to be revised every five years, in February. But why? Because the census of the population was to be taken every five years in the July preceding. The intention of the legislator must have been that the officials should spend seven months in accommodating the electoral arrangements to the census. It could not have been intended that the accommodation should last an indefinite number of months, or else the population would have gone on growing, and the electoral arrangements would never have been in accordance with it. Then, again, there is an inherent absurdity in the official way of doing things. The officials acknowledge, nominally, that the revision ought to be made every five years, and yet they think that it ought to be based on the electoral lists which change every year. The opponents of M. André Pasquet have not a leg to stand upon. As he himself triumphantly says:—"Je pousse la doctrine de l'administration jusqu'à l'incompréhensible."

Whether this sort of thing has really any influence or not in France is very difficult to say. We must not hastily infer that it has none because it would have none in England. The French would have as much difficulty in seeing why we think some of the questions important on which we have fought our constitutional battles, as we can have in seeing why M. André Pasquet and his democratic friends at Paris think his discovery of the unconstitutional suppression of forty-one deputies so momentous an event. He tells us in his preface that he last session addressed a petition to the Senate, asking that body to examine, in its capacity of guardian of the Constitution, whether the law had not been violated; and he informed the Senate that he could easily have had his petition backed by thousands of signatures, only that he thought his arguments must convince the Senate, and the Senate would prefer to be influenced by arguments rather than by signatures. Next session he is going to present his petition again, as this year it was only rejected because it was informal. If the Senate will not attend to it, he intends to beg one of his eloquent friends in the Corps Législatif to present it under the form of an amendment to the Address of 1863. If he "succumbs" in the present Chamber, he will appeal to the next Chamber, and he will ask to have the whole general election, under which that Chamber will be sitting, set aside. If he succumbs again, he will "appeal to the Future." This is easy work compared to appealing from Chamber to Chamber, and every man is confident that the future will be on his side. All this seems like a petty burst of personal vanity. We know in England the class of politicians who are equally ready to appeal to an Alderman, the Queen, and Heaven; and we are very sure that the Administration will not trouble itself to notice the criticism to which it has been subjected. No human being will hurry himself to get out the revised lists a day sooner because writer in the *Sidèle* has proved that a list which ought to have been published last February, and is not published yet, is behind its time. But it appears that the articles of M. André Pasquet, in the *Sidèle*, on which this pamphlet is based, have attracted a certain degree of attention in Paris; and it is possible that there may be more persons there than we should imagine who think it a great political move that the Imperial Government should have been proved to be arithmetically wrong. Strict and copious reasoning to establish an immaterial point is dear to the French mind; and even if the point taken by M. André Pasquet is too insignificant to obtain more than a passing notice, yet undoubtedly his treatise is a humble specimen of the kind of argumentation which, when exhibited on a larger scale, and ushered in with more pomp, is the very thing by which many of the leaders of democratic thought in France have won their position.

* *Qu'est-ce qu'un Électeur.* Par E. André Pasquet. Paris: Faure. 1862.

MR. DARWIN'S ORCHIDS.*

THIS volume cannot, from its subject, hope to meet with anything like the wide acceptance of the *Origin of Species*. On the other hand, it will escape the active, and often angry, polemics which that work aroused. Mr. Darwin has chosen a subject of very considerable interest, and has treated it in a very masterly manner; but the nature of its details will somewhat circumscribe its publicity. Naturalists will study them with curiosity and with profit, but the general reader will, for the most part, fail to appreciate them. The mass of detail here accumulated round a single topic strikingly illustrates the inexhaustible nature of biological research, and the laborious patience with which Mr. Darwin lays his foundations. The net result is that some six thousand species of Orchids are absolutely dependent upon the agency of insects for their fertilization. That is to say, were these plants unvisited by insects, they would all rapidly disappear.

Everyone knows that in plants the fertilization is effected by the pollen of the anther (the familiar yellow powder which stains our fingers when we roughly handle the flower) reaching the ovules, or young seeds, through the pistil, or female organ. How this pollen reaches the ovule is interesting to the naturalist. Sometimes he sees it effected by very simple means. Sometimes the wind carries it from one plant to another. But in the vast majority of Orchids it is an insect which carries it. The pollen is so firmly embedded in the anther-cells that it cannot be shaken out by violence; and if the plant be carefully protected against the visit of an insect, it remains undisturbed—the seed is never fertilized; whereas, if no such precaution be taken, the insects will inevitably visit the plant for the sake of its nectar, and, while sucking up the nectar, will necessarily detach some of the pollen, which they will carry to the next flower, and there the fertilization will be effected. But how? By contrivances so wondrous and manifold, that, after reading Mr. Darwin's enumeration of them, we feel a certain awe steal over the mind, as in presence of a new revelation of the mysteriousness of creation.

Our limits, of course, will not allow us to follow Mr. Darwin's exposition. We shall confine ourselves to a single example. The anther consists of two cells longitudinally open in front—each cell containing its mass of pollen, called *pollinium*. If this pollinium be examined, when out of the anther-cell, it will be found to form a skittle-shaped packet of pollen-powder. Each grain of the powder has an elastic thread, and these threads form a sort of tail, *caudicle*, to the pollinium, which terminates in a minute piece of membrane, having a ball of viscid matter on its under side. When the insect inserts its proboscis into the flower in search of nectar, it strikes against one or both of the viscid balls at the base of the *pollinia*, and whatever touches these will cause them to adhere to it. Not only does the viscid base adhere to the insect's proboscis, but, owing to its composition, it "sets" like a cement, in a very few minutes; and thus, when the insect flies away, it carries attached to it one or more of the *pollinia*, firmly cemented, and standing erect like small horns. The firmness of the cement is necessary; for, if the *pollinia* were to fall sideways or backwards, they could never fertilize another plant. Yet, unless there were some other contrivance, even this would be ineffectual. For if we suppose the insect, bearing a *pollinium*, to alight upon another flower, it is clear that the *pollinium* must strike against precisely the same point of the new flower that it occupied in the old—namely, the anther-cell. But now mark! Though the viscid surface remains immovably fixed, the seemingly insignificant disc of membrane previously mentioned, which terminates the *caudicle*, is endowed with a surprising power of *contraction*, and this contraction causes the *pollinium* to sweep through about 90 degrees, always in one direction—namely, towards the apex of the proboscis. It does this, on an average, in thirty seconds, just the time to allow the insect to fly to another flower. Thus, when the insect alights upon the second flower, the *pollinium* is no longer upright, but inclined forward at an angle which will cause it to pass by the anther, and strike upon the stigma of the pistil. This stigma is also viscid, but not so viscid as, when touched, to pull the whole of the *pollinium* from the insect's head, though sufficiently so to break the elastic threads which bind the pollen grains together, and thus leave some of them on the stigma. Hence, a *pollinium* attached to an insect may be applied to several stigmas, and fertilize them.

One or two points still remain to be noticed. The balls of viscid matter, previously mentioned, are surrounded with fluid in the pouch, named *rostellum*, which contains them; and the importance of this fluid becomes evident when we reflect that the viscid material rapidly "sets" when exposed to the air. Mr. Darwin says he has pulled these balls out of their pouches and found them lose their power of adhesion in a few minutes. Again, those little contractile discs of membrane, which we have seen to be so indispensable for the fertilization of the flower, lie at the upper and back part of the surface of the *rostellum*, and are closely unfolded, and kept damp within the anther-cells. This also is important, since an exposure to the air of thirty seconds causes the contraction and movement of depression to take place; but so long as the disc is kept damp, the *pollinium* remains ready for action directly the insect removes it.

Again, the *rostellum*, after having been depressed, springs back to its former position. If this were not the case, and if an insect

failed to remove either of the *pollinia*, or only one of them, in the first case both, and in the second case one, of the viscid balls would be left exposed to the air; consequently, they would quickly lose all adhesiveness, and the *pollinia* would be useless. That insects do often only remove one of the *pollinia* at a time is well known. Mr. Darwin thinks it probable that this is generally the case—

For the lower and older flowers almost always have both *pollinia* removed, and the younger flowers close beneath the buds, which will have been seldom visited, have frequently only one *pollinium* removed. In a spike of *Orchis maculata* I found as many as ten flowers, chiefly on the upper ones, which had only one *pollinium* removed.

Perhaps even more remarkable, if we can assign degrees of comparison where all is so wonderful, is the process traceable in the *Catasetum*—

A brief inspection of the flower shows that here, as with other Orchids, some mechanical aid is requisite to remove the pollen-masses from their receptacles, and to carry them to the stigmatic surface. We shall, moreover, presently see that the three following species of *Catasetum* are male plants; hence it is certain that their pollen-masses must be transported to female plants, in order that seed may be produced. The *pollinium* is furnished with a viscid disc, in this genus of huge size; but the disc, instead of being placed, as in other Orchids, in a position likely to touch and adhere to an insect visiting the flower, is turned inwards and lies close to the upper and back surface of a chamber, which must be called the stigmatic chamber, though functionless as a stigma. There is nothing in this chamber to attract insects; and even if they did enter it, it is hardly possible that the disc should adhere to them, for its viscid surface lies in contact with the roof of the chamber.

How then does Nature act? She has endowed these plants with, what must be called for want of a better term, sensitiveness, and with the remarkable power of forcibly ejecting their *pollinia* to a distance. Hence, when certain definite points of the flower are touched by an insect, the *pollinia* are shot out like an arrow which is not barbed, but has a blunt and excessively adhesive point. The insect, disturbed by so sharp a blow, or after having eaten its fill, flies sooner or later to a female plant, and whilst standing in the same position as it did when struck, the pollen-bearing end of the arrow is inserted into the stigmatic cavity, and a mass of pollen is left on its viscid surface. Thus, and thus alone, at least three species of the genus *Catasetum* are fertilized.

In many Orchids, as in *Listera*, *Spiranthes*, *Orchis*, we have seen that the surface of the rostellum is so far sensitive, that, when touched or when exposed to the vapour of chloroform, it ruptures in certain defined lines. So it is in the tribe of the *Catasetide*, but with this remarkable difference, that in *Catasetum* the rostellum is prolonged into two curved tapering horns, or, as I shall call them, antennae, which stand over the labellum where insects alight, and the excitement of a touch is conveyed along these antennae to the membrane which has to be ruptured; and when this is effected, the disc of the *pollinium* is suddenly set free. We have also seen that in several *Vandee* the pedicels of the *pollinia* are fastened down flat, but are elastic and tend to spring up, so that, as soon as they are freed, they suddenly curl upwards, apparently for the purpose of detaching the pollen-masses from their anther-cells. In the genus *Catasetum*, on the other hand, the pedicels are fastened down in a curved position; and when freed by the rupture of the attached edges of the disc, they straighten themselves with such force, that not only do they drag the balls of pollen and anther-cells from their places of attachment, but the whole *pollinium* is jerked forward, over and beyond the tips of the so-called antennae, to the distance of two or three feet. Thus, as throughout nature, pre-existing structures and capacities are utilized for new purposes.

Having detailed the various contrivances by which fertilization is effected in the various genera and species—six thousand in all—Mr. Darwin adds a valuable chapter on the Homologies of Orchids; but this is too technical for the general reader. The only remark we have to make is on the unhesitating teleology with which Mr. Darwin asserts that the Orchid secretes nectar *in order* to attract insects. Surely it is enough for the philosopher to note that the nectar is secreted, and the insect attracted, without perilously undertaking to assert that the nectar is secreted *specially* for that purpose, when the secretion may have many and more important parts to play.

MIEL ET FIEL.*

OF this little volume, faith in Christianity is the soul—morality, which ought to be the perfume of poetry, is religiously respected. As to the philosophical spirit which governs its contents, it soars in too high a region to be influenced by the petty details of social prejudices, or to take any account of the vulgar distinctions of rank. It is free, impartial, universal—honouring what is good, rebuking what is bad," &c. &c. &c. We are glad to be able, on the authority of the author, to impart this valuable information to the public. To say the truth, if we had unfortunately been left to ourselves, we should have discovered nothing of the kind in the book. We turned over its pages with some curiosity, because, when a writer publishes among foreigners, and for foreigners, poems in his own tongue, he owes it to his country (and ought, accordingly, to take more than ordinary precautions) that they should be really good of their kind. The readers to whom he appeals are less likely to be indulgent than those whom he might meet with at home, for the simple reason that the knowledge which they possess of his language is drawn, as a rule, from the more eminent authors, and that their standard, therefore, is naturally a high one. We have probably a hundred known writers of verses, below our recognised poets, who would generally be admitted to possess a certain degree of talent. One man has a power of simple pathos; another writes, at times, on a particular class of subjects, with spirit and energy; and a third displays some grace and delicacy of

* On Various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are fertilized by Insects. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1862.

* *Miel et Fiel: Mélanges Poétiques*. Par Adrien Saintour, Auteur d'un Volume de "Fables en Vers;" d'un Volume de "Fables Morales en Prose (Français-Anglais), à l'Usage des Jeunes Étudiants," etc. London: Dulau & Co. 1862.

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finish in his compositions. All this is very well here. We compare one with another, and award them all their meed of praise for the moment. But if any one of these respectable poetasters were to go over to Paris, and present, with a magniloquent preface, his good *rin ordinaire* for the appreciation of France, he would be compared, not with the versifiers of his own class, but with Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and Byron, and Milton, and Shakespeare. Seen by their light, he would, we fear (or rather we hope), be considered, what we are constrained to pronounce M. Adrien Saintour, a very poor performer. M. Saintour has written, we perceive, a volume of moral fables in prose. This prose, we trust, is better than his poetry. We trust so, we say, because his genius lies decidedly in that direction, inasmuch as he seems to us to write prose without knowing it, in a somewhat remarkable degree. We must do M. Saintour the justice to say that he is entitled to claim credit on the score of morality. There is nothing in his writings, so far as the sexual relations are concerned—and this, between a French writer and an English critic, is, we suppose, what morality means—to which any one can take the smallest exception. Nay, further, we will add, that M. Saintour appears to us to be a moralist in a better sense than this, and to deal more happily with the family affections than with any other subject. When he treats of childhood, of maidenhood, of a mother sorrowing over her lost infant, of a young daughter's simple grief for her dead father, he gets nearer to real poetry than in his more ambitious efforts. The best poem we have lighted upon is a copy of verses entitled, "La Jeune Enfant pleurant son Père." It is in some measure spoilt by the last two stanzas, which would be better away; but, even with that drawback, it strikes us as a graceful and pathetic production. We shall quote it at length up to the point where, unless we deceive ourselves, it ought to have ended—so that, if our general estimate of the author's powers be an unfair one, our readers may be tempted, so far as we can honestly tempt them, to buy the book and judge for themselves:—

Maman, quand donc le jour prospère

Qui doit encor nous réunir

Toutes les deux à mon bon père,

Quand donc le jour doit-il venir?

En vain j'aurai après journées

J'attends; en vain j'appelle, hélas!

Cette union si fortunée:

Oh, ne le reverrons-nous pas?

Et pourtant ce fut la promesse

Qu'il nous fit la dernière fois

Que, pour nous prouver sa tendresse,

Il nous fit entendre sa voix:

Sa joue était pâle et glaçée;

Hélas! je m'en souviens encor;

Et de sa poitrine opprassée

Les mots sortaient avec effort.

Je pars, dit-il; adieu, Marie!

Mais tu seras toujours pour moi

Mon ange, ma fille chérie;

Je penserai toujours à toi.

Sois bien sage; aimé bien ta mère;

Matin, soir, pris avec amour;

Et, loin de ce monde éphémère,

Tous trois nous nous verrons un jour.

O maman, deux longues années

Ont passé depuis ce moment:

Resterons-nous donc condamnés

Toujours au même isolement?

Pourtant, à son conseil fidèle,

Ce que jour, le matin, le soir,

Vous voyez maman, avec zèle

Je prie et je fais mon devoir.

Dieu, dont la sagesse profonde

De tous ici-bas sait le prix,

L'a trouvée trop bon pour ce monde,

Dites-vous, et Dieu nous l'a pris:

Oh, pour nous quel malheur extrême

Qu'il ait été si bon, si doux!

Ou que ne fûmes-nous de même,

Pour que Dieu nous pût aussi nous!

Quoi! Dieu pour chanter ses louanges

Avait-il tant besoin de lui?

Son ciel n'est-il pas rempli d'anges,

Pour prendre notre seul appui?

Sent-il dans leurs troupes nombreuses

L'absence d'un de ses élus?

Et nous sommes si malheureuses

Depuis que nous ne l'avons plus!

We do not mean to say that these lines are faultless. In the very first stanza, the epithet "prospère" has every possible drawback, except that it rhymes with "père," even if it does that. The end of the fifth stanza is unreal and unchildlike, as is also the line "Pour prendre notre seul appui;" but, with all their faults, we have done what we fairly can for M. Adrien Saintour by quoting them. We shall have a good deal to say on the other side—so that we thought ourselves bound to give a specimen of him at his best. The little poem entitled "L'auvre Mère" (p. 19) is prettily conceived, but in point of execution it appears to us, comparatively at least, a failure. "Le Sommeil de l'Enfant" (p. 28); "Les Fleurs Artificielles" (p. 53); "L'Empereur m'a parlé" (p. 131)—a French version of the Irish story of "The King spoke to me, astore;" "Did he, indeed, and what did he say?" "By Jusus, he just thold me to get out of the whay,"—are quite effective enough to have pleased the writer of them whilst the ink in which they were written was drying; though, in our opinion, they are not at all too good to have

remained in manuscript, for the unbuying admiration of personal friends. And now, having said thus much in M. Saintour's favour, we cannot but add that the solemn vanity of his preface forms a ludicrous contrast to the perfect insignificance of the wares which it ushers in. In the name of the prophet—figs—is well known as an exordium which the peroration hardly warrants. But the figs, at any rate, were probably good of their kind; whilst M. Saintour's honey is, to say the best of it, feebly sweet, his gall rapidly bitter. There is one point on which we hesitate to decide; but still we cannot but think (though, it may be, from an unconscious reference to the style of Béranger and De Musset) that his French, considered as the instrument of his art, is not what it ought to be. We know one English poet who has chosen to take up his residence in Italy. His thoughts always appear to us just about to crystallize into immortal words, and always just to fall short of the anticipated excellence. We have been in the habit of accounting for this by the supposition that, in consequence of his protracted absence from England, some of those minute elements which go to make up the flexibility and life of language have become languid within him, and that, therefore, he fails of complete success. We do not know how long M. Saintour has expatriated himself, but we fancy we detect a roughness and jaggedness of diction in many of his poems which needs some such explanation, and which, at any rate, is marked enough to impair the virtue of thoughts and images more original than any which we get from him. Every land, we suppose, has a certain amount of poetical conventionalities peculiar to itself: some of the expressions, therefore, which strike us as dead prose might be passed over with less remark by a Frenchman. Still we conceive that passages of this nature—

Hélas! hélas! le pain est rare;
Et la mère, ô cruel tourment!
Pour ses enfants doit être avare
De l'indispensable aliment;

or,

La pauvre ile gémit, saigne et lutte sans trêve;
Comme des daims chassés je vois son peuple épars;
Comme un gâteau commun je la vois, sous le glaive,
Par l'avidé étranger découpé en sept parts;

could never have been written by anyone with the smallest spark of poetical feeling, except under the pressure of some necessity which overruled all self-criticism. As we have observed above, M. Saintour occasionally, though rarely, gives us a few stanzas which may be said to be pretty; but he has thought it desirable, for some reason or other, to build up a quantity of solemn exercises in verse, on themes such as the Crimean war, the famine in Ireland, the abuses of the Penitentiary system, the wickedness of the rich, the Great Exhibition of 1851, the History of England as identified with the Leveson-Gower motto, "Frangas non Flectes," and other heavy topics of the same kind. For these self-imposed tasks he has not the smallest appetite, and they are executed in as flat, bald, and commonplace a style as we ever have met with. His philosophy, which we are invited, in the preface, to appreciate as soaring on the wings of an eagle through the highest and serenest atmosphere of thought, in point of fact keeps pottering on from one platitudine to another, in a form which Simonides of Amorgos, or Epimenides the Cretan, would have considered old-fashioned. We give an example, assuring our readers that it is, at least, on a level with the poet's average originality and wisdom:—

Mais le néant n'est pas pour l'homme, pour cet être
Aux mille grands instincts, délivrant de connaître
Tout ce qui frappe au monde et l'idée et les yeux;
Qui jusque dans la mort poursuit le merveilleux;
Qui raisonne, comprend, amende sa nature;
Qui, du vaste univers embrassant la structure,
Analyse Dieu dans les cieux.
Car l'homme n'est pas fait seulement de poussière, &c.

All this may be very true; but it is what people here sometimes call too true—what Frenchmen dismiss unceremoniously with the participle *connu-connu*; and there certainly is nothing either of novelty or beauty in the language, to regild the worn-out commonness of the thought. A French volume of poems would not be complete without *L'Empereur* and *Sir Hudson Lowe*, and accordingly here they are as large as life:—

Sur le géant tombé des légions armées
De crétins insolents, d'audacieux pygmées
Se ruant à la fois.

Qu'on aime ton surcroit de sainte révérence,
Energique réponse à la lâche insolence
De l'affreux gouverneur au regard de chacal.

We are so much accustomed to this kind of rubbish that, if it had appeared in Paris, we should feel that all we could ask from a Frenchman, writing in France, was that he should express the traditional nonsense of his countrymen neatly and effectively; but when it beards us from Soho Square, we may perhaps be allowed to put before the world our side of the question. We say that all we ever asked of Napoleon was, that he should conform to the inevitable morality of the play-table. He chose to risk everything upon the cast of a die; and we called upon him to pay his stake. No one can say that he was ungenerously or unkindly treated in 1814; but he broke faith with the Allies. This he did under temptations too strong, probably, for human nature, certainly for his nature, to resist. But still he broke faith, and flung back into the face of Europe, steeped afresh in innocent blood, the all but insoluble question—what was to be done with him? Let the Chauvinists, before they blame England so freely,

just find their answer to that. They will hardly have the front to say, that because Napoleon was a man of genius, and had used that genius to inflict dreadful calamities upon the civilized world, therefore he was to be allowed to employ his powers, as he pleased, for the term of his natural life. And yet if they once admit that Europe was justified in guarding against Waterloos or Austerlitzes, no matter which, once a year, till a man of forty-six had grown too old to intrigue or to fight, we cannot, for the life of us, understand what their grievance is. Sir Hudson Lowe may not have been able to keep his temper. Still it was Napoleon's object that he should put himself in the wrong, and the mind that won Marengo easily succeeded in irritating a commonplace English officer into indiscreet pettishness. But we have never supposed that the ex-Emperor's complaint about claret, or sentinels, or restricted rides, could honestly have been noticed, except as a mode of employing his idle time, or, if not that, as one of the minor details of a plan for rendering possible the hope of a future liberation. That plan was annulled by death — a death in no degree owing to the climate, but inherited from his father, and encountered quietly in his bed. So absurd, indeed, does the Bonapartist accusation, considered broadly, seem to us, that at times we have almost been tempted to think that his idolaters were confounding him with a very different person. He was not, we can assure them, the man who was roused from sleep without pity, to be murdered without a cause — who was dragged, by a brutal violation of all law, in the first opening of his princely youth, to the lantern-marked edge of the ditch, where his grave lay ready before he had been tried, and there shot, no one ever knew why, uncomfited and unabsolved, beneath the ghastly light of a winter's morning moon. If the dead could speak, the Due D'Enghien's comments upon the cruelty of England to Napoleon at St. Helena would be worth listening to. We suspect that they would outweigh all Béranger's poetry upon the subject, to say nothing of M. Saintour's clumsy prose in rhyme.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

M. BODENSTEDT of Munich has translated a number of small compositions by Russian authors of the present day, which he publishes under the name of *Russian Fragments*.* They are selected professedly in order to exhibit the present condition of political thought in Russia. If they accomplish this object, there is a good deal more of political metaphysics in Russia than bodes well for its future progress. The subjects selected are practical enough, but the mode of treating them is an exaggeration of all the faults of German political writers. They differ, however, very much in character. One of them, upon the fair or market system in Russia, is especially worthy of attention. It is an extract from a larger work by M. Ivan Aksakoff, written under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Russia. Its value is that it deals in statistics and details, and does not show that fatal attachment to first principles which distinguishes so many of the others. The Russian fairs are celebrated for their size. They last sometimes for weeks, and circulate from town to town of a district. The enormous scale upon which they are conducted may be measured from the fact that, for the transport of salt alone through the territory of but one government, a hundred thousand wagons are annually used. The enormous traffic which is required to feed fairs conducted upon this scale naturally employs a large population, and makes roads a matter of vital importance to the community; for Russia, in addition to its other similarities to Central Asia, adds this — that it possesses a singularly small proportion of navigable rivers compared to the vastness of the territory. But though roads are of such vital importance, the Government has utterly neglected them, and this vast traffic is carried on over the steppe. A great change will come over the system when the railways are constructed; but it is incredible, with such a traffic to support them, that they should have been delayed so long. Some of the best of the other fragments are historical. They have a peculiar value to the historian from the rarity of Russian history apart from their literary merits. Even in this respect, however, they do not deserve to be depreciated. They are clear and easily written. Their fault is the want of any special character. If one were to judge of their origin from their style, one would say that they were the work of some rather commonplace Frenchmen and Germans. Russian literature does not appear to have any strength of its own. It is like the German literature of a century and a half back — it is merely the result of a careful study of foreign models.

M. Alexandre Castrén's† Minor Works form a publication of considerable value to the students of his special subjects. Perhaps the number of persons interested in the antiquities of the Finnish race may be limited; but to that privileged body this will be a satisfactory book. All the treatises of which the work is composed are devoted to elucidating the origin of various Finnish tribes, and establishing the true ethnological place of the extinct and mysterious Tschudens, who live in Russian popular tradition. For this purpose his investigations carry him to their religion, their magic, their poetry, their legends, the customs of the tribes still in existence, and the monuments which those that are extinct have left. A considerable portion of his

labour is devoted to etymological inquiries, and almost an equal portion to a critical panegyric on the beauties of the *Kalevala*.

M. Max Wirth has issued the first volume of a new History of Germany from the earliest times.* It is written, he announces in his preface, with the object of finding out "the inner causes of the great events of history," and separating them from the "outer impulses" to which they have been hitherto attributed. He is an historian of the school who will not believe that great political events can be caused by any individual action, but are always due to some hidden principle, which has been long preparing them. His desire to establish this fatalist view of history gives to his work something of the appearance of a running lecture; and it derives this character still more from his announced desire to make the whole history subservient to the future regeneration of Germany. But the work has the great charm of concerning itself more with the actual condition of the people, their laws, customs, and sources of prosperity, than with the details of battles or negotiations. In the present volume he gives a very minute and distinct picture of the political and civil condition of the German races during the Carlovingian dynasty. There is also an account of the provision for the poor, and the administrative system under the same race of monarchs — which are subjects not frequently treated of in a separate form. Of the early literature and religion he also gives a full account. The strongest political tendency visible throughout his work is his strong antipathy to the mediæval hierarchy. An account of the financial condition of the Franks and Germans may be mentioned as another novelty not usually met with in works upon mediæval times. It includes not only a budget of taxation and expenditure, but also an account of the coinage and currency of those times. The purely historical part of the present volume comes down as far as the death of Louis the Pious.

Freiherr von Bibra has selected the most agreeable mode of communicating the observations he has made of life and nature during a voyage in Chili, Peru, and Brazil. Instead of classing them methodically under all the moral and natural sciences in succession, devoting a chapter to each, he works them up into small novelettes, turning the course of his story so as best to accommodate the contents of his note-book. Considered simply as works of fiction, his stories do not deserve any great praise. His incidents are much too violent, and his characters too strongly marked, to be borrowed from real life. But it would be unfair to criticize them for faults of that kind. The book is in reality a book of travels cast into a readable form. The stories appear in general to take the form of the adventures of some newly arrived German of a very simple-minded character, who learns by experience, sometimes costly, all the wonders of the new land. The German who lands in Brazil is a character of the type of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin — a coward who by a series of accidents is perpetually earning the reputation of bravery. In this capacity he is exposed successively to all the dangers of Brazil — the slave-trade, tigers, snakes, and bravos — and at last is rewarded for his apparent gallantry by the hand of a rich heiress, who falls enthusiastically in love with him on seeing him awkwardly run a boat under the bows of a steamer. The Germans who land in Peru and Chili are not so fortunate. They fall victims to female wiles, of various kinds, which evidently form in Fr. von Bibra's mind a prominent feature of South American society. The book is not a flattering one to the author's countrymen. It leaves a strong impression on the reader's mind that inconceivable greenness is the chief characteristic of Germans who travel in foreign parts. Perhaps he may be a faithful delineator; and this peculiarity may account for the ill-treatment of which German emigrants, in all parts of the world, complain, and of which they seem to have the monopoly. Nor is the picture of South American morality more flattering, though the author professes to be very anxious not to wound the feelings of the friends whom he made during his travels. But the account of manners and customs is vigorous and lifelike, especially in reference to Chili, where the largest portion of the author's sojourn appears to have been passed.†

The *Exopus* of Waldis ‡, edited by Heinrich Kurz, has been published as a part of a collection of old German writings which is appearing under the name of the German Library. It is to contain such works as the *Reineke Vos*, the *Narrschiff*, and others of more or less celebrity, which at present are inaccessible except to tolerably wealthy purchasers. The collection, as advertised, has undoubtedly the merit of variety. It is to include novels, travels, sermons, and satires. There will be the works of Luther, and Zwinglius, and Böhme, by the side of Sophie la Roche, Alberlin, and the lyrics of Opitz. The collection will go as far back as the *Limburg Chronicle*, and it will extend into the "Sturm und Drang" period. Nor will it be absolutely confined to German authors. We find "English Comedians," and Mandeville's Travels, in the list. Already more than a hundred authors are included in the prospectus; and, to crown the wonders of the collection, it appears that one enterprising editor is to do it all. We should have imagined that such magnificent promises would have rather repelled subscribers than have gained them. The book before us is the first specimen produced. The selection is a popular one, and the text is arranged and printed as attractively for modern taste as is compatible with

* *Russische Fragmente. Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Staats und Volkslebens in seiner historischen Entwicklung.* Herausgegeben von J. Bodenstedt. London: Williams & Norgate. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1862.

† *M. Alexandre Castrén's Kleinere Schriften.* Herausgegeben von Anton Schiefer. St. Petersburg: Eggers. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Deutsche Geschichte von der ältesten Zeit bis zur Gegenwart.* Von Max Wirth. Frankfurt: Verlag des Arbeitgeber. London: Trübner. 1862.

† *Aus Chili, Peru, und Brasilien.* Von Fr. von Bibra. 3 Bände. Leipzig: Costenoble. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Exopus.* Von Burckhard Waldis. Herausgegeben von H. Kurz. 2 Bände. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

an antique style and an obsolete orthography. A glossary accompanies the text, scanty enough, but still apparently sufficient for the understanding of an author whose archaisms are not formidable enough seriously to disguise his meaning. A learned and very complete introduction conveys to the reader all that is known about Waldis, and calls his attention to the portions of his fables which have an historical significance. The present work is the best selection, out of all Waldis's writings, for this purpose, as it brings his reforming bias, and the bitterness against the hierarchy which all the Reformers shared, strongly into view. Yet it is hard to understand the ground upon which it is promoted to the eminence of standing at the head of so voluminous a collection.

Professor Weiss's *Science of Costume**, is a continuation of his *Handbook of Ancient Costumes*, which was published two years ago. The work, of which the first part has just come out, is devoted to the history of mediæval costume and decoration. In one particular it does not embrace so large a field of inquiry as that which was occupied by the Handbook. In this latter work architecture was included, as coming, by some strange latitude of definition, under the general designation of costume. Professor Weiss felt that a continuance into the mediæval period of this comprehensive interpretation would swell his undertaking to a magnitude which would render its completion impossible. As it is, the enterprise is formidable enough. The volume before us, although of a tolerable size, scarcely enters upon the mediæval period. It is entirely occupied by the earlier Byzantines, the Persians, and the Arabs. The text is illustrated by a very large number of woodcuts, which, indeed, are the only form of explanation that can make such a subject in the least degree intelligible. The engravings are well executed, and the descriptions are clear and full. The only fault that can be found with the composition of the book is the interpolation of long historical summaries, which in themselves are learned and useful, but would be anywhere more in place than they are in a book upon costume. It is not necessary to know the history of the later Persians, or to follow the gradual decay of the Kaliphat, in order to understand how their dresses were cut, or how their cups were jewelled. If the definition of costume is to be stretched so far as to include history, the chances of a speedy completion of the work are almost as slender as if architecture had been suffered to remain. Such a work should not be too diffuse; for it never can be more than a rudimentary work, so long as colour is excluded from the illustrations.

Four lectures upon physiology, delivered by Rudolf Virchow at various times and places, have been published under the name of *Four Discourses on Life and Disease*.† They are of a very philosophical character, tending in the same direction as the doctrines of Mr. Darwin, and not likely to receive a good character for orthodoxy in this country. The fault which most English readers will find with them is that of stating all the most advanced speculations of the hardest theorists of the day as if they had been admitted into the circle of established truths, and might be reasoned on as recognised science. The last lecture differs from the rest in being of a more practical character. Its title is *Fever*, under which heading sanitary laws are explained and sanitary precautions discussed. A minute description of the processes in the human body which subserve the office of purifying the blood gives the author occasion to dwell on the sufferings endured by skin and lungs under civilized arrangements, and to recommend fresh air and washing. That the lesson may be needed will not be questioned by those who have travelled in Germany; the only circumstance that will excite their surprise is that it should have been delivered. It will be gratifying to them to learn that the author takes the opportunity to make an attack upon German stoves, as generators of the poisonous gas, carbonic oxide.

The first number of a work upon "Historical Words, Proverbs, and Phrases" from the pen of Dr. Von Wurzbach, has appeared in Prague. It serves principally as a vehicle for the publication of a large number of historical good stories which the author has collected. It is more proverbial words than proverbial stories that he undertakes to elucidate—such words, for instance, as Calembours, Charlatan, Canards, and so forth. This last word is said, he tells us, to have originated in the time of the First Empire, in an attempt on the part of a Brussels wit to shame the European newspapers of the day out of their inveterate mendacity. He published, as a fact, that an experimental philosopher, wishing to test the voracity of ducks, selected twenty, and, killing one, gave it to the others to eat. Then he killed another, and disposed of it in the same manner; and so continued, until one duck only remained, who had eaten, directly or indirectly, all her nineteen companions. The newspapers, however, were wholly insensible to the caricature, and the story was gravely reproduced from one end of Europe to the other. Dr. Wurzbach does not deny the truth of this story, but he denies that it was the origin of the phrase; for he has discovered it in a book of travels written two centuries ago. He attempts to deduce it from a supposed analogy between the ducks and the falsehoods, in that both disappear for a time, and afterwards are constantly coming up again. With reference to the alleged cry of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo—"La Garde meurt, elle ne se rend pas,"—he declares it to have

* *Kostümkunde*. Geschichte der Tracht und des Geräths in Mittelalter. Von H. Weiss. Stuttgart: Ebner. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Vier Reden über Leben und Kranksein*. Von Rudolf Virchow. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

‡ *Historische Wörter, Sprichwörter, und Redensarten*. Gesammelt, erläutert und herausgegeben von Dr. C. von Wurzbach, Erster Heft. Prag: Kober. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

been an invention of a French journalist, a M. de Rougemont. His collection of anecdotes is injured by one defect very fatal to that kind of publication. He is inaccurate in small things, such as extending the Reign of Terror into 1795, referring the word "Dragonade" to a revolutionary origin, and assuming that the word "Cabal" was invented, instead of being applied, to designate the Ministry which has retained the nickname. But, whether accurate or not, the book is likely to form a very agreeable medley of literary gossip.

The *Doctrinal Idea of St. John, investigated in its Fundamental Characteristics**, by Dr. Bernhard Weiss, appears to be a very learned and unusually orthodox composition; but it belongs to a type of theology which has never been very popular in England. It is an attempt to present St. John with a philosophical theory—to explain how St. John would have expressed himself if he had been happily master of that metaphysical vocabulary which it is the privilege of a later age and nation to have invented, and the want of which even inspiration was inadequate to supply. Whoever wishes to see how St. John's teaching looks when it is translated into "ground-ideas," and "doctrinal intuitions," "objective relations," and "subjective similarities of being," will peruse Dr. Weiss's book with lively interest.

Dr. Block's statistical publication † upon the relative power of the various European States is a very commendable book. It combines the merits of being a complete and very industrious collection of statistics upon all the matters which constitute the elements of power in the various European States with that of perfect impartiality. It is accompanied by a set of maps, setting forth the various statistical results by symbolical colours and shades.

* *Der Johanneische Lehrbegriff in Seinen Grundzügen untersucht*. Von Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Berlin: Herz. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Machtverhältnisse der Europäischen Staaten*. Von M. Block. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees. On Monday, October 20, *THE BOHEMIAN GIRL*. Tuesday, 21, *LURLINE*. Wednesday, 22, *THE CROWN DIAMONDS*. Thursday, 23, *DINOKAH*. Friday, 24, *THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER*. Saturday, 25, an OPERA. Commence at Eight. The Box Office open daily from 10 till 5. No restriction to full Evening Dress.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, October 20, Herr Joschim will make his second appearance. Miss Banks, Mrs. Lindsay Sloper; Violin; Herr Joschim: Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists: Miss Banks and Mr. Henry Haigh. Conductor, Mr. Harold Thomas. Box Seats, 2s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, 1s.

For full particulars, see Programmes, at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, Every Night, at St. James's Hall.—The celebrated and original CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS will appear every Evening at Eight, and every Wednesday Afternoon at Three. Entire Change of Programme. Proprietor, W. P. COLLINS. Seats, 3s.; Areas, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

THE EXHIBITION CLOSES on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in "PUNCH," OPEN EVERY DAY, from Ten till Dusk, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly (will shortly close). Admission One Shilling.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The following new publications of this Society are now ready for issue, and may be obtained at the Society's Office, 11, Hanover Square, W., from M. J. Rothschild, 14 Rue de Bucy, Paris, and 3 Querstrasse, Leipzig; from Messrs. Longmans & Co., or through any Bookseller.

1. *Transactions of the Society*, Vol. IV, Part. 7, Sec. II., concluding the Fourth Volume. 4to, with 11 plates by Wolf, 1s. Containing papers by Dr. F. L. Sclater, on the Struthious Birds in the Society's Menagerie, and by J. H. Gurney, Esq., M.P., F.Z.S., on *Aquila desmarestii*.

2. *Transactions of the Society*, Vol. V, Part 1, 1s., with 13 plates, 2s. Containing a memoir by Professor Owen, 21s., on the Skeleton of the Gorilla.

3. *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London* for 1862, Part 1, for January—March, and Part 2, for April—June, 2s. each.

4. *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*, with Illustrations, 1862, Part 1, for January—March, 1s.

5. *List of Various Animals living in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London*, 1862, 2s., 1s. 6d.

The Illustrations to the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*, from 1848 to 1862, may now also be obtained in separate Volumes, as follows:—

	1 vol.	83 plates	1 vol.	123 plates	1 vol.	33 plates	1 vol.	51 plates	1 vol.	50 plates	2 s. d.
Mammalia	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	3 5 0
Aves	•	•	2 vol.	123 plates	•	•	•	•	•	•	6 6 0
Reptilia et Pisces	•	•	1 vol.	33 plates	•	•	•	•	•	•	1 10 6
Mollusca	•	•	1 vol.	51 plates	•	•	•	•	•	•	1 10 6
Annulosa et Radiata	•	•	1 vol.	50 plates	•	•	•	•	•	•	2 3 6

Fellows of the Society are entitled to purchase all the publications at 25 per cent. less than the price charged to the public.

P. L. SCLATER, *Secretary*.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OFFICE, Royal Exchange, London, Oct. 15, 1862.—THE COURT of DIRECTORS of the ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE do hereby give notice, that a GENERAL COURT of the said Company will be held on the 25th instant, at the Royal Exchange, Whitechapel, at 12 o'clock, from 12 o'clock noon till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the Election of a Director in the room of Edward Maxwell Daniell, Esq., deceased; which Election will be declared at such time as the General Court shall appoint to receive the Report of the Scrutineers.

ROBERT F. STEELE, *Secretary*.

The Chair will be taken at 12 o'clock precisely.
N.B. Printed Lists of the Proprietors qualified to vote will be ready to be delivered at the Office on Saturday, October 25, instant.

THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY, TWENTY-SIXTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given, that the Twenty-sixth Half-yearly General Meeting of the Proprietors in this Company will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, London, on FRIDAY, October 25, instant, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, for the General Business of the Company, pursuant to the Act.

The Books of the Registered Stock and Shares will be closed, from Saturday, October 11, to Friday, October 24 instant inclusive, and Transfers will not be received during that period.

By Order, THOS. R. WATT, *Secretary*.
Company's Offices, No. 3 New Broad Street, E.C.
London, October 1, 1862.

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